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THE ORIENT I FOUND

SUN YAT SEN

[*Frontispiece*

The Orient I Found

BY

Thomas J. McMahon

WITH 62 ILLUSTRATIONS

DUCKWORTH
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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO MY VERY OLD AND VERY
SINCERE FRIEND AND FELLOW-
VOYAGER IN MANY TRAVELS

FRANK LOGAN

Brisbane,
December 2nd, 1925

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FOREWORD

THIS book has been written for general acceptance. Bearing importantly, however, on the subject of the future power and influence of Oriental nations, I may be permitted, as an Australian, to stress at once what I may term an Australian viewpoint of Oriental conditions. I do so on these grounds. Whatever influence Oriental nations may attain in the future in the world in general (and I am impressed with the possibilities of a powerful and universal influence), Australia will be a prime factor in the consideration and determination of the problems that arise. Much as I approve of the "White Australia" policy in its international aspect, it appears to me it will, sooner or later, be challenged by Oriental peoples. It is now regarded as a cause of offence, and it will be tolerated only as long as Oriental influence lacks that power which, it cannot be denied, it is rapidly gaining. If not a part of the British Empire, how long would Australia of its own volition be able to maintain its present attitude? A request for

its abolition may probably come about in this wise : Oriental nations will need the raw products of Australia, outstanding in its resourcefulness ; trade will extend as modern industries increase in the Orient, and as the Orientals demand the foods, clothing, and other necessities of modern life. With the influence of trade, and the power and wealth which it will bring, must come the request, in some form or other, to end racial inequality. The claim may not be placed for a quarter of a century or so, but Australia, by that time or after it, can hardly have the population, the military or naval strength, to temporise, decline, or resist. Submission will result, and this must reflect upon the British Empire, and, indeed, on the white race, whose dominance will thus be challenged. In making this statement I should like it to be understood that I firmly believe that there does not exist at the moment any intention on the part of any Oriental nation to force the question of racial equality, if it can be obtained diplomatically ; but most surely the question will be raised. Confident in their influence and power, Orientals will not care to be characterised as " inferior " to any race. White will not stand for any superiority over yellow. Moral strength, with its attributes of superlative energy and purity

in politics, trade, education, domestic life, and sport, alone will be the factor telling for supremacy. The question is a moot one—will the white race be able to establish superiority on this ground? It is not superiority which declines to allow the claim for equality, but inferiority. Traced to its origin, there is little use in denying the fact, camouflage it as we may, that it is not superiority of life, character of education, religion, colour, or country, that creates the white dominance, but other reasons which denote weakness in essential characteristics—national vanity and trade, mainly —thus engendering fear.

If the question of racial equality is to be discussed without aggressiveness, much present harshness will be softened by a fuller knowledge of Oriental peoples and their remarkable progress towards modern or Western conditions. More sympathy with their aims, and, above all, less display of dominance, pre-eminently the most offensive factor, will aid a more conciliatory solution of the problem.

Japan has shown the world an example of national forbearance in putting up with white domination bordering, in many cases, on pure and deliberate insolence. One has only to study even recent events to be satisfied of the contemptuous

and overbearing manner, not always hidden under diplomatic politeness, of white dominance towards Orientals in general, and to be apprehensive should the day come when Orientals possess power and, justifying their action, use it tyrannically. They have a lot to forgive, and piling on dominance, as it were, is only adding to the debt of bitterness to be wiped out when Orientals are ready to exercise their power.

The rapid progress of Oriental industrialisation is undoubtedly the thorn pricking Western nations on to efforts and demonstrations of dominance towards Oriental peoples. The Western mind must not deceive itself; the Oriental mind is not sensing the true meaning of the Singapore Base, the parade of the American Fleet through the Pacific, and the keen competition of Western nations in naval construction. The Oriental mind feels aggression and dominance in all these, and will not be found unprepared should occasion arise for Oriental demonstrations, when Oriental forbearance is taxed over-much. Let the Western world pretend as it may, all blame will lie with it for war or wars that may come about.

Unquestionably there is a marvellous awakening in the Orient to-day. One has only to follow the course of events to realise that a great change is

imminent—one far-reaching in its effect upon the world at large. The amazing political and commercial influence of Japan cannot be denied. The riots and strikes in China are the threatenings of an upheaval in that country portentous in results, that may bring a world's war in the general rising of the coloured races against the white. The behaviour, sympathetic or aggressive, of the white race, with its dominance built and maintained by force, will decide Oriental influences of the future for good or ill. Should war ultimately come about between the Oriental and Western nations, the onus of blame will, in my opinion, fall upon the latter, in neglecting all possible means of equitable and conciliatory terms of racial, not necessarily domestic, equality.

The world must note with increasing interest the turning of Oriental peoples to Western conditions. Politically, industrially, and commercially they are making giant strides—greater strides, indeed, than many people imagine. Japan is outstandingly energetic; quite the equal in many modern conditions of the white race. China is certainly lagging in comparison, but the Chinese are quietly assimilating Western conditions in a sound and thorough fashion, and will yet astound the white race with the knowledge

they have gained and their power of applying that knowledge in a practical way. Taking the populations of Japan and China alone, they number almost four hundred millions. Consider the influence and power that number must have when fully imbued with Western ideals and knowledge and the capability and ambition of using both to command a position in the world. Summing up Oriental progress, I am of the opinion that in much less than a quarter of a century Oriental influence will already have won much power, and will be treating for the recognition of the full rights of equality. Certainly the question will have become paramount in the Pacific, and Australia will have been instrumental to that end.

But to be retrospective. I well remember how my boyhood fears were stirred, not so many years ago, by the much-talked-of Russian scare, when every strange vessel, particularly the Russian, that sailed along the Australian coast was viewed with suspicion. "Thief" ships, as I imagined them, were thought to be slyly seeking that knowledge of Australian coasts that would assist invasion. Russia, then the land of over a hundred millions, the greatest military nation of the world, has now fallen from its high estate, and become chaotic, impotent, and in every way

discredited. With its many millions of people the nation has no military significance whatever, and is almost without commercial importance and quite without diplomatic influence. But Japan, fifty years ago unknown, its people termed barbarians, contemptuously spoken of, and caricatured as "little yellow monkeys," stands high in influence and power. The Russian scare has given place to the Japanese menace. Japanese war vessels, modern in every feature, are viewed with some degree of dread, and the flag of Nippon is treated with the careful respect due to a powerful nation.

By 1914, when the Great War began, the world was noting with concern the eagerness, ability, and alertness of the Japanese people, then rapidly progressing in modern and Western conditions. The moment the British Empire was obliged to enter the war Japan was thrust into special importance as the guardian of British interests in the Pacific. Her reward was the mandate to administer the Pacific Islands north of the Equator formerly held by Germany. Japanese traders became commercially active in the South Seas, and, as was natural to expect, with Japanese trade went Japanese influence. I, like other Australians, feared Australian South Seas trade

and influence were likely to suffer. I decided to investigate, and visited many of the island groups. Oppressed with the possibilities of a Japanese menace to Australia, I saw in every trading-vessel, in every Japanese trader, a strengthening of the Japanese menace. I hastened back to Australia, and by newspaper articles, interviews, illustrations (my own photographs) in weekly papers, by lectures and other means of propaganda, did my utmost to arouse my fellow-Australians to the sense of the grave danger of allowing Japanese trade and influence to become established in the South Seas. The ominous possibilities and the effect on the Empire as well as Australia urged me to a wider sphere of action. I hastened to England, and there, by the same means of propaganda, endeavoured to stir the British mind to the danger of Japanese influence in the world of islands, mostly British possessions, conjunctive to Australia. My efforts—merely personal, having no official authority or recognition—were limited. War-weary, England and Australia were not concerned. While I did not neglect my propaganda work, I continued my investigations in the South Seas, with the hope that I might eventually arouse attention. My views were abruptly changed ; I was confronted with the fact that,

besides Empire indifference, the political and industrial conditions obtaining in Australia were energetic factors, giving Japan every opportunity of penetrating the South Sea Islands, acquiring trade, and establishing a definite influence.

Australian Labour, with its taint of Communism, was massing well-organised forces to obtain full power to overthrow Imperial ideals—a matter denied in some quarters, openly admitted in others. Whatever the Japanese or any other nation was doing in the Pacific was held to be of no consideration as long as the purposes of Socialism and Communism were achieved. Labour, in its unionism, violently aggressive at all times, was deliberately throttling enterprise, opposing by word and action the increasing of population by immigration, so essential to Australia's development and national strength. In these things it was easy to foresee a powerful assistance to a Japanese or any other menace. Instead of sound foundation for a "White Australia," invasion or absorption seemed to me inevitable. Labour's ideal of a false Utopia, impossible and impracticable, Labour's blindness to all considerations but its own selfish aims, were directly instrumental to Oriental influence in the Pacific. It was at this stage that I determined, by

travelling and investigation, to find the strength of modern progress in the Orient, particularly in China and Japan. Carrying numerous letters of introduction, I came in contact with many useful and interesting people of various nationalities long resident in the Orient, as well as with many Chinese and Japanese. In my sojourn of some months I had, I consider, the fullest opportunity of making enquiries in every form, and taking stock of every phase of Oriental life. I am satisfied I gained much useful and reliable information, which I am offering in this book. I have given it the title which seems most appropriate—*The Orient I Found*. It contains no adventures, it is no compendium, but is simply a book of impressions with the definite purpose of arousing readers to the realisation of what a progressive world is the Orient, and how the Oriental people, as I think, are bound to become a power in the world's affairs. I am not claiming any special merits for the book. The impressions recorded will, it is hoped, stimulate an interest in the present-day conditions of the Orient and an investigation of them, if possible, by travel. I was astounded at the enterprise, energy, and intelligence of the Japanese, and the class known as advanced, or modern, Chinese. There was to me nothing

shallow, artificial or false about the awakening in the Orient, as many travellers assume. The more I gauged the marvellous progress the more I felt the coming struggle, and the reluctance of Orientals—the Japanese and Chinese in particular—to submit much longer to white domination. It is doubtful if white nations having interests in the Orient will be willing to abate this dominance. Then, bluntly, war must ensue. It appeared to me that Japanese ambitions were commercial rather than militant, and that the people were diligently striving for friendly commercial intercourse with all nations. But the world is not responding in any too generous a sense, though the British, Americans, and French are urging the Orientals to enterprise of every kind. It cannot be concealed with advantage to themselves; it is a phase of the general dominance, and Oriental pride resents anything resembling exploitation. Now, recent events have not mollified Oriental fears and pride. The American Exclusion Act, quite justified from the American point of view, was unnecessarily aggressive in its manner of presentation, perhaps flauntingly so, and has, in my opinion, set the seed of much future strife.

I offer an opinion as to how the Orient may clash with the white world as the result of the Exclusion

Act, and in the turmoil embroil Australia, as has been suggested. It was America that, more than half a century ago, practically forced Japan out of the seclusion which she had rigidly maintained for centuries. The Japanese admit the good that has resulted in the present knowledge of modern ways and conditions. The act of intrusion, however, has never been forgotten or forgiven, and now again it is America responsible for the affront in its recent Exclusion Act, directed against the Japanese people. Had America presented an ultimatum of any nature to a Western nation in the same impertinent manner, the answer would have been war, quick and lively. That Japan has not in any way retaliated shows her forbearance. It was an open and universal humiliation; Japanese pride has once again been offended; and there will be retaliation in some form sooner or later. America again is striving for trade supremacy in China, and Japan holds the key to that country and will not, under any circumstances, brook interference with her interests or ambitions.

American and Japanese interests are clashing, and, while official Americans are honestly striving to keep peace, and are sincerely seeking friendship with the Japanese, a friendship which was shown

in the magnificent generosity to aid the Japanese nation at the time of the earthquake some two years back, nevertheless there is a commercial section of Americans who form the propagandist element which aims at overthrowing Japanese influence, undermining their trade and enterprise, and casting suspicion upon Japanese ambitions and ideals. The tension between this section of Americans and Japanese in China is strengthening every day, and the trouble must eventually lead to war.

America will not want to send her ships or armies to subjugate Japan. The Japanese will have no need to hurry across the wide stretch of seas to invade America. Action will concentrate in the Pacific, and directly on the Philippines. With every advantage the Japanese must capture that group. This will be the challenge to the white race for an unconditional recognition of racial equality. The British will be forced into the struggle. Meanwhile the coloured races, in India and China particularly, will seize the opportunity and rise against white domination. Results will, I think, favour the rise of Oriental influence, unless it is beaten back into the humblest submission, and that is a very remote possibility.

This opinion will not be appreciated ; nevertheless I would urge that section of the white race which is inclined to be aggressive to the Japanese and other Oriental people to be less dominating. To Australians in particular I would add, Be less truculent, and consider the prospects of the Empire. Nations of hundreds of millions are hardly likely to show patience with one which is scanty of population, powerless, and geographically isolated.

The aim of my book, then, is to bring about a better knowledge of the conditions of the Orient and a better appreciation of the Oriental peoples. If *The Orient I Found* can impress readers, and stir them to investigate modern Oriental conditions, my efforts will not have been in vain.

MANCHURIA
HARBIN
VLADIVOSTOCK
HAKODATE
MONGOLIA
MUKDEN
NEWCHWANG
PEKIN
TIENTSIN
CHEFOO
YELLOW SEA
KOREA
JAPAN ISLANDS
TSURUG
TOKIO
To Vancouver B.C.
YOKOHAMA
To San Francisco
KOBE
SHANGHAI
CHINA
CANTON
FORMOSA
HONGKONG
PACIFIC OCEAN
SIAM
BANGKOK
MANILA
PHILIPPINE IS
SAIGON
SANDAKAN
CELEBES
SINGAPORE
STRAITS
SUMATRA
BORNEO
NEW GUINEA
BATAVIA
SAMARANG
SOURABAYA
JAVA
TIMOR
THURSDAY
DARWIN
Buffalo Country
INDIAN
CAIRNS
TOWNSVILLE
To Europe
AUSTRALIA
Murchison
Coolgardie
BRISBANE
OCEAN
PERTH
FREMANTLE
ALBANY
SYDNEY
NEWCASTLE
ADELAIDE
To New Zealand
Vancouver
San Francisco
MELBOURNE
LAUNCESTON
TASMANIA
HOBART

THE ORIENT I FOUND

The Orient I Found

Chapter I

TO THE ORIENT

Fascinating Travel

The Beautiful Coast of Queensland—Thursday Island—The *Quetta* Cathedral—Torres Straits Islands—Pearl, Trocha-Shell, and Bêche-de-Mer Industries—The Islanders—Self-Government—Native Wedding Customs—In the Arafura Sea—An Avenue of Interesting Islands—Incidents of the Voyage.

Of the many voyages of the world, very few compare with that from Australia to the Far East. It is, briefly, one of calm waters, superb weather conditions, an unusual number of interesting scenes—all novel, each totally different—a wide variety in countries, peoples, and their customs.

To Australians in particular the voyage to the Orient cannot fail to be profitable in an extensive knowledge of the geography of the East and of that section of the Pacific which comprises the many islands conjunctive to Australia. The

voyage, too, will produce the effect of bringing the fullest realisation to Australians of the importance of the political and economic conditions of the crowded and busy lands of the Orient. No Australian can return otherwise than impressed. He will also be stimulated to the urgency of assisting the rapid settlement, development, and progress of the great Australian Commonwealth. Furthermore, Australians will come to understand the possibilities of trade in offering the wealth and variety of Australian products to the hundreds of millions of people of the Orient who are now adopting the food, clothing, and general conditions of Western civilisation.

An essential charm of the whole voyage is the absence of monotony. Splendidly appointed steamers, British and Japanese, have regular monthly services; the routes are such that land is seldom out of sight; ports of call are frequent, invariably attractive in many uncommon features; and ample time is allowed on shore to visit places of interest and note the ways and conditions of the inhabitants.

Travelling along the coast of Queensland, within the Great Barrier Reef, one traverses one of the most interesting sea-ways of the world, with its waters calm at most seasons of the year, its

picturesque islands, the rugged hills of the mainland showing in the distance, the whole bathed in the soft, atmospheric blue peculiar to the tropics.

Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane are the main ports of the Commonwealth. On leaving the south, the first place of call on the northern route is Townsville, North Queensland, a progressive city with the spectacular feature of Castle Hill, a frowning, rocky headland, dominating land and sea for many a mile. Townsville is impressively a fine example of the vigour and enterprise of British people in a tropic clime. The city has a population of 25,000, and is the centre of a great trade and many industries. A commodious and artificially made harbour is one of the finest public works of Australia. The hinterland, extending to the extreme west of Queensland, is noted for its pastoral industries. The finest wool in the world is grown in the Winton district.

A journey of 162 miles northwards and the prospering sugar metropolis of Cairns is reached. This is a go-ahead town of some 12,000 people, with a vast hinterland, famous for sugar, mixed farming, particularly maize cultivation, fruit, mining, timber, and coal. Cairns is well laid out in wide streets, lined with shady trees; it has excellent buildings, and an esplanade running

parallel with the harbour shore. Enterprise is well indicated in an extensive area of wharfing, with cargo-handling appliances and provision for storing. During the season many thousands of tons of sugar are exported. Cairns has also many attractions as a tourist resort, not only on account of its winter climate, but because of its scenic beauties, chief among which are the widely known Barron Falls, which present an example of rugged grandeur. Though not rivalling Niagara in flow and volume, it is quite possible they may prove a source of power with remarkable commercial value. The Falls are reached from Cairns by a two-and-half-hours' railway-journey. From the moment of leaving Cairns there is a gradual rise into a noble cluster of beautiful hills, revealing magnificent views of sugar plantations and fruit cultivation. Surrounding all there is a luxuriance of vegetation. The scene also discloses a series of distant and towering mountain-tops, while immediately below are deep ravines culminating in the vast valley of the Barron, the whole providing a delightful panorama spreading out to a grand expanse of sea dotted with islands in the blue distance. Near at hand, amidst bold and precipitous dark rock-lands, one comes on the full majesty of the Falls, a flashing mass of

CASTLE HILL, TOWNSVILLE

FRANK JARDINE

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silvery waters, tumbling thunderingly from a great height into deep dark gorges. With the rich and varied vegetation, tall trees, creepers festooned with jungle profusion, a display is given grandly impressive—veritably one of Nature's triumphs.

Leaving Cairns, the voyage continues until Albany Pass is entered, a narrow sea-way of exceeding beauty. At one section of the mainland, on a green eminence, is the rambling old Residency, the official home of the magistrate, the only building left of the old township of Somerset. The Residency has been occupied for several years by an interesting and hospitable family, the Jardines. The head of this family was Frank Jardine, a man of noble Scottish birth, who lived well into his eighties, and died some three years ago. Mr. Jardine came to Queensland when quite a youth, and lived a life of marvellous adventure, particularly in the dangers he encountered with wild blacks in the early days, when there was little settlement in the north and west. Many years ago he owned the farthest north cattle-station of Queensland, a few miles inland from Somerset, now abandoned. The ruins of the old homestead, entwined with flowering creepers, can still be seen. In his later years he showed an extraordinary

energy and vitality, and braved many perils in a pearling enterprise. Mr. Jardine, a giant in stature, was a man of scholarly attainments. Few had his knowledge of the stirring early days of Queensland. Up to the time of his death he kept diaries, beautifully written, and full of exciting incidents. They filled several big galvanised iron boxes. Possibly some day will be gathered from them material for one of the most authoritative histories of early Queensland.

Another interesting detail of the Pass is the association with Saville Kent, the noted ichthyologist, who had here his depot, with tanks and accessories for the scientific investigation of the varieties and habits of fish in Queensland coastal waters. Saville Kent published one of the most comprehensive and perfectly illustrated books on this subject.

A few hours from Somerset, Cape York, the most northern point of Queensland, is sighted, a sharply jutting headland guarded by tiny isles. Another few hours and Thursday Island, the capital of the Torres Straits group, and a military outpost, garrisoned by Australian soldiers, is reached, the steamer tying up to a long jetty directly off the town. Prior to the Great War, Thursday Island was the centre of the trade

NATIVE VILLAGE, CAPE YORK

AUTHOR AND DOG AT CAPE YORK

[*p.* 32

distribution of the pearling, trocha-shell, bêche-de-mer, and sandalwood industries, the last product coming from the coast-lands of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Thursday Island was then one of the busiest, liveliest, and most cosmopolitan places on earth. Torres Straits pearls, experts declare, are the purest and most valuable known, and in those prosperous days a single pearl would often bring several thousands of pounds sterling. The risk and adventure in winning the pearls from the bottom of the sea attracted men of all nationalities, many wild and reckless of character, eager to make quick fortunes. Since the war pearls have declined in value through the lack of demand, but passengers by the Eastern steamers often have the chance of picking up good samples at moderate prices. Associated with this industry is the collecting of trocha-shell, used in making pearl buttons and various other fancy articles. Before the war great quantities of this marine product went to Austria, but now the trade is mostly with Japan, though large quantities are exported to Australia, England, and America.

The bêche-de-mer industry, fluctuating but little, creates a big trade with China, the sea-slug being a popular item of food with wealthy Chinese epicures. The sandalwood industry is also of

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fairly consistent stability, the bulk of the commercial product going to China and Japan, where it is much used in making fancy boxes and travelling trunks, the wood retaining its strong scent for an indefinite time.

In the last few years Thursday Island has declined commercially. Its chief importance at present is as a station for pilots, whose special knowledge is necessary for the somewhat intricate navigation within the Great Barrier Reef. The town is a long, straggling street of shops and trades, with a town hall, a Church of England cathedral, a Roman Catholic church, a hospital, a rather extensive and certainly enterprising cold storage works, a picture show, and some private residences with very neat gardens.

The picture show is unique in the variety of racial admixture in its audiences, natives predominating. They are indifferent to the sentimental pictures, but they laugh uproariously at the comic. The island is dominated by a central hill, on which the fort is situated, near by being the soldiers' barracks, and the Commandant's and officers' residences. In bygone days there existed also what was known as "China Town," an ugly conglomeration of shanties constructed of iron, wood, gin-casing, and hessian,

where assembled a mixture of Asiatics and coloured races. This town has practically disappeared, though there are still coloured folk connected with the various industries.

Under the jurisdiction of Queensland, Thursday Island is the official centre of the Torres Straits group. Administration has assured the protection and welfare of the natives, who in the early days of the pearling industry were shamefully exploited. The drastic laws of the Queensland statute-book amply attest the supreme need of reform.

A particularly interesting feature of the town is the *Quetta* Cathedral, Church of England, a sad memorial of the wreck of the British India steamship *Quetta*, which foundered in the Albany Pass some thirty-five years ago with the loss of many lives. The steamer struck a pinnacle-shaped, uncharted rock, and sank instantly in deep water. The disaster took place on a gloriously clear moonlight night while the passengers were assembled at a concert. It was so sudden there was little hope of many of the hundreds of passengers and crew being saved.

Those few who were rescued clung to fragments of the wreck—hatches, casks, and timber. One young lady floated about for days on the carcass of a sheep, experiencing dreadful hardships from

thirst, with the fierce rays of the sun beating down upon her almost naked body. Her fears were greatly increased by the possibility of sharks, the sea in this part being noted for ferocious monsters of this kind.

The *Quetta* Cathedral is unfinished and of small dimensions. The interior has many relics of the ill-fated steamer—a flag, a life-buoy, oars, a compass, and many other things, while the ship's bell in a tall belfry calls worshippers to services. In the entrance-porch is a great book wherein is recorded the names of the many thousands of visitors, including notable people of many countries.

The Torres Straits Islands form a connecting-link between Queensland and Papua, or British New Guinea. They are of little extent, even two or three of the bigger islands being less than fifty square miles. The rest are either mere patches of sand or islets of rock. The natives are a handsome, sturdy, and intelligent race, and, thanks to the good offices of the Australian Board of Church of England Missions, they are well advanced in civilisation. Many years ago the London Missionary Society carried on excellent work, laying the foundation of their present progressive state. Self-supporting by means of pearling, trocha-shell,

and bêche-de-mer collecting, these islanders are well to do. As pearl-divers they are marvellously skilful. Without diving-dress, but with their bodies plentifully smeared with coco-nut oil and their eyes protected by large water-tight goggles, they work without distress at extraordinary depths, showing a remarkable smartness in picking up the shells. Born sailors, it is amazing with what accuracy these islanders steer their luggers through the swiftly running and treacherous tidal rips between coral reefs for which the Torres Straits are noted. The pearling and bêche-de-mer fleets owned by British companies, mostly employing Japanese divers and shell-collectors, are usually captained by white men, but the navigation is in the hands of islanders. A pearling fleet, as it drifts slowly over the waters on a bright sunny day, is a picturesque sight. Bêche-de-mer luggers can hardly be described in the same way. They are untidy-looking craft, the necessary boiling apparatus being on deck—huge black cauldrons into which the sea-slug, or sea-cucumber, as it is sometimes called, is thrown. And the smell arising as the boiling process goes on is peculiarly objectionable.

While fleets are in the vicinity of an inhabited island, the native women, fantastically dressed,

garlanded with flowers, seaweed, and leaves, come down at sundown to the beach, dancing and singing, to encourage the workers. There is much jubilation when the season of work is over and the fleets disperse. The native crews depart to their various islands, and for days there is endless dancing, singing, and feasting to celebrate their safe return.

The Queensland administration protects the interests of the natives, at the same time wisely allowing them a form of self-government in accordance with their native fancy and customs. This policy has been most successful. A white administrator, who is also a teacher—sometimes a woman, by the way—is appointed to each of the bigger islands, whose duty it is to see that the natives carry on sensibly and profitably their pearling, shell, and bêche-de-mer industries, for they have these irrespective of the companies. The administrators see that the native health is maintained by wholesome conditions, that gardens are cultivated, that the natives do not gossip (a serious misdemeanour in these islands) and that the children attend school. Whites, Japanese, Malays, and others connected with the pearling fleets are never allowed to land on an island without the permission of the administrator, nor are the natives

NATIVE VILLAGE OF THE TORRES STRAITS

A NATIVE WEDDING PARTY, TORRES STRAITS

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permitted to sign on for work with the fleets until the administrators are assured that all conditions of the laws of native labour are fully complied with. Exploitation in any form is punished by severe fines and even imprisonment. Assisting the administrators are native councillors and a small force of native police. The councillors are men elected by the natives for high character and common sense, and are denoted by the word "Councillor" in white letters on a red jersey. The police wear a uniform of navy blue with red facings, and their authority is much respected. Fortunately they are seldom called on to arrest anyone for any serious offence, the people being very law-abiding, the result of kind administration and excellent mission work. The natives, with all their civilisation and education, are not losing their racial individuality. Native songs, dances, and harmless customs are encouraged, and there is a blending of civilisation and native customs often very amusing. For instance, at a native wedding the bride wears the regulation wreath, veil, and orange blossoms, possibly a fashionably made white silk dress, but she must not wear boots or shoes, this being the privilege of the bridegroom in his well-cut, possibly tailor-made, suit. At weddings the bridegroom, not the bride,

is the centre of public attraction. Relations and friends, instead of throwing rice and confetti, dash handfuls of flour indiscriminately over the bridal party, guests, and onlookers; the effect produced on the black faces and hands is most ludicrous. Wedding presents consist of Bibles, boots, stockings, combs, sugar, flour, tea, teapots, and furniture. The dressing of the guests is sometimes quaint and extraordinary. A lady may have a mixture of fashions, with every colour of the rainbow in different parts of her costume; a cooking saucepan may be suspended round her neck as her main effort at jewellery.

Torres Straits Islanders are very proud of their South Sea and Papuan ancestry. They resent any imputation whatever of relationship to the blacks of Queensland or North Australia, and, indeed, are very superior in every way.

From Thursday Island the voyage proceeds through the Arafura Sea, through a veritable avenue of interesting islands. Bird Island, the pinnacle of a mountain—so it is said—rising out of the sea, is the rendezvous of myriads of sea-birds. A blast of the steamer's whistle and the birds rise overhead in countless numbers, a screeching mass of angry objects, forming a cloud almost obscuring the sun. It is anticipated that

GUESTS AT NATIVE WEDDING, TORRES STRAITS

TORRES STRAITS ISLANDERS

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one day this island, now but an interesting feature on the route to the East, will be rediscovered as rich and deep in phosphates of lime, prime of soil-fertilisers.

Other items of interest are the Celebes Islands, in the Dutch Indies, the native villages, palm-sheltered, clearly discernible. The tiny isle of Amboina in this group, also seen quite close at hand, is notable for its contribution to the world's supply of spice.

The pleasure of the voyage is enlivened throughout by sports and entertainments, which give zest to the enjoyment derived from the bright blue skies and soft, balmy air, and the clear moonlight or vivid starlight nights. The mind, care free, is alert to every incident and scene. One of the novelties of the voyage, usually taking place on the return journey, is a " Chinese dinner." Passengers have the opportunity of displaying any Chinese robes or Japanese kimonos they have purchased while in the Orient, and very few fail to have these accessories to their wardrobes. To complete the entertainment the decks and saloons are beflagged and festooned with Chinese lanterns, and the dining-saloon is made to represent a Chinese tea-house. Adding to the Oriental effect, Chinese fiddles, gongs, cymbals, and drums are

introduced. Though the "music" hardly appeals to the sensitive ear, the passengers derive much fun in producing the pandemonium of noise. With the assemblage dressed in Oriental costume, correct or vague, the whole scene is very bright, especially when gorgeous palanquins carried by "coolies"—passengers or officers so dressed—are used to convey the ladies to the tea-house.

The first touch of the Orient is felt in the arrival off the north of Borneo, and a description of Sandakan, the chief town and port, must occupy the next chapter.

Chapter II

SANDAKAN

British Borneo

The Sea Front and its Peoples—Sandakan—Street Life—Funeral Customs—A Sandakan Cab—Sandakan by Night—The Street Doctor—Gambling Farms—Pawnbrokers' Farms—An Opium Den—Shy Women—"The Wild Men of Borneo"—The Chartered Company.

The large, fertile, and resourceful island of Borneo is midway between Australia and China. Mostly under Dutch control, there is a northern strip of country designated British Borneo, remarkably rich in minerals, timber, and coal. This area is being developed by a British chartered company, under British Imperial protection.

Sandakan is the commercial centre of these British activities and is an exceedingly interesting port of call for steamers from Australia trading with the Orient.

Steaming along the beautiful coast, one begins to feel the touch of the Orient. Borneo might

aptly be termed the gateway from Australia to all the vivid life of those countries comprising the broad extent of the Orient. The entrance to Sandakan harbour is through massive, red rock gates, which, on a bright day, flashing boldly in the strong sunlight, present a strikingly impressive effect.

The harbour is deep, extensive, and well sheltered, and is full of animation, with the numerous sailing junks and the queer little sampans or rowboats. The junks, truly Oriental objects, are extremely picturesque, with their square, brown sails, graceful and stately as they glide over the blue tinted waters. No matter when or where, a junk makes a picture, and at night in the silvery rays of moonlight, the effect is wellnigh perfect. Junks scarcely lose in picturesqueness by a closer view; though they are heavy barge-like craft they are quaint of outline, and their utility is proven in the large amount of cargo they can carry, while, as an interesting detail, they serve, according to their size, as the permanent dwelling of one, two, or half a dozen families.

Sampans, light of structure, and bird-like in movement, are the ferries of the harbour. Usually manned by women, sampans bob about on the waves like so many objects of cork, at one moment

ALONG THE WHARVES, SANDAKAN

A FAMILY SAMPAN, SANDAKAN

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almost turning over, the next righting themselves as if endowed with the intelligence to do so. Small and light as are these tiny craft, they, too, become the permanent homes of families, and the puzzle is how a family consisting of father, mother, two or three children, with a grandfather or grandmother perhaps, will arrange to sleep in comfort during the night. It is said each member fits into his or her allotted space, forming a composite design of humans, at first sight perplexing as to its possibility of detachment.

The town of Sandakan, small and compact, is on the side of a hill facing the harbour. First the jetties are seen and then the Asiatic town is shown gradually rising in terraces, with a fine and well-made road winding upwards zig-zag fashion, passing the British business town and Government offices and many elegant residences of British officials and those connected with the chartered company. The long flat summit of the hill, commanding magnificent views of harbour, mainland, and islands is set apart as the Governor's area. His Excellency possesses a stately mansion in the midst of pretty gardens. The British population is less than two hundred. Between the Asiatic town and the residential, or hill, area is a section known as " the business area of the chartered

company." Facing a fair-sized, neatly maintained square is an imposing two-story building, the offices of the company. Behind this section comes the post office, with a picturesque tower a little apart and dazzlingly white. Near by is a long low wooden building, the Bank of Borneo, its architectural simplicity probably throwing into greater effect a sturdy, smart little native policeman, who in regulation form marches up and down before the main doorway, armed with rifle and bayonet. This unusual precaution has been necessitated by raids of pirates on the bank at various times.

On a terrace slightly above the bank is a cluster of Government offices, nestling prettily in a grove of palms and tropic shade trees; looking down from these buildings one sees the public recreation ground, small in area, but well kept, the sward refreshingly green. Here the British folk play lawn tennis and cricket, and have afternoon teas, while the juveniles of the native and Asiatic populations play at rough and tumble on the edges of the lawns, or are keenly interested in the games going on, and delighted to run after tennis and cricket balls sent out of bounds.

A row of shops faces the reserve on the harbour side, while above it and towards the rise of the hill

is a very charming shaded walk, leading to several fine residences. Across this road is a Chinese temple or joss-house, and a school, reached by an imposing flight of stone steps. The joss-house is the usual dark, dingy, smoke-laden chamber in which can be seen a black, ebony, repulsive-looking joss, but the school is bright and airy. A Chinese schoolmaster teaches his pupils English and English money sums.

The Asiatic town may be compared to an ant-bed just stirred up. Day and night a seething mass of Asiatics, Chinese predominating, with Japanese and Indians intermingled, make up a population of about five thousand.

A very busy scene is always in progress about the jetties. The water-front is packed with junks, barges, and sampans. Coolies or wharf workers, a veritable throng, are rushing here and there, carrying wonderfully heavy loads, bags of flour, long lengths of timbers, casks of tallow, and boxes, the while jabbering in a babel of tongues. Others again will be loading or unloading the junks and barges, keeping up an incessant sing-song, or giving forth strange chanty calls, until the noise becomes a pandemonium. To add to this, sampan women in piercingly shrill voices call for passengers. These women show a remarkable

agility and strength, paddling their boat for hours without apparent fatigue, often attending to young babies, the little mites quite undisturbed by the bustle and noise, feeding and sleeping, or, if old enough, crowing and laughing, and enjoying the stir. The sampans skip over the water at a marvellous speed. Part of the Asiatic town is built over the harbour, in a series of bridges with shops and buildings, and connecting with the jetties. At high tide the waters rise under the bridges, but at low, smelly black mud thick with refuse is exposed. Adjoining this area is the chief street of the town, a narrow thoroughfare, lined on each side with innumerable tiny two-story shops, gay with Oriental bunting and banners. Early and late the street is crowded by a hurrying mass of people in all sorts of coloured Oriental costumes. Hawkers run about shouting their wares, while women and children, laughing and talking at the top of their voices, produce a general effect positively deafening. From quaint, narrow balconies of the upper stories of the shops, women scream gossip to one another, shaking meanwhile clouds of dust from gaudy rugs and mats of Oriental design which are thrown picturesquely across the balcony railings.

Oriental shopkeepers are great believers in

noise as a means of advertising. Not a shop but will have its Chinese drums, fiddles, and other Oriental instruments—a jumble of discordant noises interspersed with strains of gramophones. Harry Lauder's comic songs, such as "Stop your tickling, Jock," are immensely popular, and in the clatter, as a not unmusical accompaniment, is the click-clack of wooden clogs striking the hard pavement. Notwithstanding the narrowness of the roads of Sandakan, which are thronged with pedestrians, there is a continuous stream of cyclists, motor-cars tooting furiously all the time to clear the way, lines of Sandakan cabs, and the slow-moving lumbering buffalo-drawn vehicles; carts by day, and sleeping-places by night; their rate of speed under any circumstances never more than a mile an hour, as, with heads down and apparently little effort, the powerful animals draw the heavy loads for long periods without sign of distress.

The traffic of the streets is varied by wedding and funeral processions. They are everyday affairs and possibly for that reason excite little attention, the street throng hardly moving out of the way until forced to do so.

A wedding procession with its masks, grotesque and bright, banners and musical instruments, is a

striking spectacle to the stranger. The bride may be supposed to be having the day of her life, but judging from her doleful appearance she usually derives no great satisfaction from it.

In some details a funeral is hardly less gay than a wedding, especially in the seeming unconcern of the followers, who laugh and chat in quite a jolly fashion. The coffin, a roughly made heavy box, is slung on the shoulders of several coolies ; then follow the " paid " mourners, mostly young girls, wailing, yelling, in a perfectly hideous manner, but not weeping. These requisites of an Oriental funeral, if one judges rightly, are paid according to results ; the louder the wails and yells, the more the money.

Occasionally a new mourner or an apprentice is included, and, as she walks along, is coached by an old hand, who thumps her vigorously on the back, with such force, indeed, as to produce genuine wails, yells, and tears. In time the apprentice comes to know the pitch of wailing and yelling required without loss of tears, and so graduates from an apprentice to an old hand, worth good wages.

A very quaint object is the Sandakan cab. Coloured bright green or yellow, it is unmistakably like the common household meat-safe, set on four

wheels, the height and size and body of the vehicle being quite out of proportion to the strength and size of the wheels. Also out of proportion is a little rat of a pony, so small that it is quite absurd in contrast with the huge cab. The harness is a queer mixture of string, bells, brass nail heads, and patches, and how it hangs together and performs its function is quite mysterious. Perched on a small, high, and narrow seat almost on the top of the cab is the driver, always a lanky thin Hindoo, his sharp knees so cramped up as to be within an inch or two of his chin. The fares are cheap, and so the cabs are popular. While intended to hold about six people, there will probably be twenty or more sitting on roof, steps, or anywhere, with heads and legs of the inside contingent protruding through the windows.

There are no licensing laws as to the capacity of vehicles, nor are there any Prevention of Cruelty to Animal Societies in Sandakan, consequently the poor ponies suffer. How they draw the loads is as much a mystery as how the harness remains intact.

Crowded and animated as is the main thoroughfare of Asiatic Sandakan, the town at night is a veritable blaze of illumination. Electric light is very liberally used in Oriental countries and the

people move about as much by night as by day. The brightness and cheapness of the light (for it is very cheap in Oriental lands) appeal to the natives, and they delight in a lavish display.

From the various shops, always crowded, comes a buzz of chatter, with the usual jumble of musical instruments, while the street is as bright as day. It is packed with gaily dressed folk, the crowd greatly congested by food venders carrying portable stoves, and dealing out hot soup, fish cakes, and other edibles. Along the middle of the street as well are rows of improvised booths, open-air restaurants selling fruit, meat, vegetables, and confectionery to customers seated around eating to their hearts' content. Jugglers and acrobats help to swell the crowd and perform marvellous tricks, distortions, and acts.

The street doctors are popular. Dense crowds quickly assemble to watch their treatments. Spreading out small fancy mats, the doctors display an amazing variety of bottles of highly coloured medicines, and boxes of ointments, haranguing the crowd meanwhile, declaring each possessed of infallible powers.

Patients are invited to present themselves for treatment ; no matter what the ailment or disease, a cure is guaranteed. Humorous in their way,

A MEAT-SELLER, SANDAKAN

STREET DOCTOR, SANDAKAN

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the doctors proclaim even a broken heart can be mended by their wonderful medicines and ointments. Patients with sore eyes, ulcerous legs, toothache, swollen glands, broken limbs, sore toes, possibly some with broken hearts, present themselves.

The doctors first jabber prayers and burn large quantities of varied coloured paper—Oriental "sacred money," as it is called—and as treatment is a strictly cash transaction only, cash down and treatment after, it is here the patients pay up.

There is often much bargaining between doctors and patients, quite the natural thing for Orientals, no matter in what business they are dealing. In the end there is an adjustment, and the treatment proceeds. According to the nature of the ailment, medicines are given or ointments applied, patients being charged to bear in mind that only by implicit confidence in the healer can they be sure of cure. Convinced by the volubility of assertion, many of the patients retire, if not cured, at least hopeful. Should results not be successful, the explanation is offered that evil spirits have taken control of the unfortunate patients, and they must come again and again until the spirits are driven out and a cure by death or despair effected.

Of the many features of Sandakan, the "gambling farms" are of special interest. Gambling is licensed, under strict police supervision. It is regarded as a business. The "farms" are great, open, gaudily decorated buildings lined with rows of gambling tables. Asiatic gambling games can be counted in hundreds. A man having money to invest—it is not good form to call it gambling—tries his fortune—not luck—at the "farms" of which there are some half a dozen, licensed under drastic regulations. Disorderly conduct in a "farm" may mean the cancelling of the licence.

The proprietors, men of high repute—as they are declared to be—employ large staffs to mingle with the gamblers, preventing cheating, and hurrying out of the rooms those inclined to be quarrelsome. Recognising that the business, if properly managed, is a profitable one, proprietors are most careful to conciliate and attract clients. The staff is obsequiously polite. A frequent visitor, that is a good client, is regaled with refreshments and provided with a couch, if required, free of charge. No client ever leaves "broke." If every dollar has been gambled and lost the proprietor sees that his client has money to go home with. It would never do to

have clients leave the "farms" disheartened. They must be cheered and encouraged to carry on, come again and recommend their friends. A client hopeful means fresh clients, and so the "farms" go on as they would not do if unpopular.

The law forbids British residents gambling, but tourists may try their luck for the days and nights they are in port. It is interesting to see how vigilantly members of the staff will shadow these casual clients to prevent their gambling to any extent. A proprietor, challenged by the police for allowing a tourist to lose heavily, may have a black mark against his licence. The "farms" go on day and night, but it is at night, when gorgeously lighted, that business is briskest. The most seductive signs invite folk into the rooms, where other signs point out the various rooms and tables and the games played. The scene is very animated. There are constant streams of clients and visitors. Crowds rush around the tables until the players are hidden ; while winners are encouraged, losers condemned for faulty play. The chink of money goes on unceasingly, the collectors raking in and handling the money in the most expeditious and accurate way. The gambler winning is a hero, the poor wretch losing, haggard and anxious, as he stakes his dwindling

funds and utters prayers for success, is regarded with contempt. As he ponders over every move, the onlookers become impatient, urging him on, and then, with the loss of his last dollar, he slinks away, with the applause given his rival ringing in his ears. But there is one kindly eye upon him. The proprietor greets him cheerfully, offers refreshment and money, does all he can to dissipate his despondency, and allows him to go away happy and hopeful, to come again and invest. Attached to every "gambling farm" is a "pawnbrokers' farm" where gamblers short of cash may, at reasonable rates, deposit personal effects, jewellery, and other belongings. Nothing is left undone to entice the gambler, who, if he wins, is happy and will gamble more, if he loses, will try his luck again. "Bad luck to-day, good luck to-morrow," is the Oriental's way of reasoning.

Essentially a part of the Oriental nature, gambling is a glaring feature of Oriental countries.

In strange contrast to the glare, gaudiness, crowds, and animation of the "gambling farms" are the opium dens, dark, foul, and altogether uninviting. These are not licensed, and the authorities are to be commended for their efforts to wean away the unfortunate people addicted to the pernicious drug. But the dens still exist.

Behind a counter in one corner of a long, shabbily furnished room are rows of opium pipes, and, on payment, an attendant—an unattractive-looking personage usually—hands out a pipe, dipping his fingers into a huge jar for the quantity of opium required. The smoker, reclining on one of the hard couches, puffs away until overcome by the poison, the pipe drops from his fingers, his body is horribly distorted into some uncomfortable position, and there he lies unconscious of noisome surroundings. Men, it is said, go to the dens to get away from their worries, which are replaced through the insidious action of the opium by dreams of the most enchanting nature. The awakening is sickness, wretchedness, and sadness. The vice grips, and seldom does the opium smoker, unless taken early and treated drastically, ever get away from it.

The streets of Sandakan are always filled with a big percentage of women, from the Chinese lady of delicate though false complexion, with purple trousers and jacket, neat European kid shoes, and smart umbrella, to the coolie woman, unpainted and yellow-brown, in plain, coarse black cloth trousers, loose jacket, and strange crownless large-rimmed straw hat, much resembling a lampshade. The women of Sandakan are shy in

manner, having a distinct objection to being photographed. It is amusing to see how quickly the women will drop their baskets or boxes, hastily plucking off their hats to cover their faces, and looking through the open crown, under the strange idea that they are adequately hidden from the aggressive camera man.

The coolie women work just as hard as the men. They dig in the quarries, shunt trucks, load waggons, push wheelbarrows, lift heavy timbers, help in the building of houses, even climbing to the roof. Mothers leave their babies in shady spots near by where they are working, at intervals of rest attending to them. The Sandakan coolie woman is not a cheerful creature; she seems dreadfully overworked. In contrast to this are the petted wives or mistresses of the wealthy Chinese merchants, driving about in smart motor-cars and dressed in the finest silk.

To the traveller the immediate surroundings of Sandakan, within a five-mile radius, are interesting. There is a mass of rich tropical jungle, almost a natural zoo, where many kinds of wild animals can be seen with little trouble. Travellers can obtain with some degree of safety a glimpse of the animals in their wild state. Drives over the hill are delightfully pleasant, and wonderful

WOMEN WORKING IN QUARRY, SANDAKAN

MALAY VILLAGE, SANDAKAN

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views can be got of the harbour, the sea, the mainland, and the distant islands.

There are also interesting drives to the jungles along the harbour shores, where many native villages can be visited.

The natives, Malays, once an aggressively and notoriously savage race, famous in song as the "Wild men of Borneo," are to-day more or less civilised. Many are workers with the chartered company, willing and intelligent. Their villages are kept in a healthy condition, the Government exercising supervision to enforce sanitation and general cleanliness.

Whatever may be the faults of a chartered company, that operating in British North Borneo has turned a wilderness of waste into a territory of commercial prosperity. The company manages to exploit the rich resources without in the least enslaving the people. For that reason it has come to have an excellent reputation.

To Australians, North Borneo should be especially interesting in the fact that much trade is done with the Commonwealth. Large quantities of meat, flour, sugar, fruit, and other food products are regularly shipped to Sandakan by the British-Australian steamers arriving twice a month.

Chapter III

MANILA

The Philippine Islands: From a Bleak Fortress to a Modern City

The Philippine Group—Manila, a Capital of Two Cities—The Fortress Wall—The Escolta—Street Traffic and Traffic Police—The Luneta—Interesting Churches—A Great Educational Centre—A City of Lawyers—Sport, Horse-racing, and Cock-fighting—American Administration.

A two-days' journey from Borneo, and the Philippine Islands come in sight, the steamer following the coast up until the port and capital of Manila is reached. The trip is wonderfully calm, and especially interesting in the varied conformation of the numerous islands, the largest Luzon, on which is Manila.

Discovered by the famous navigator Magellan in the year 1521, the group has known many changes of ownership. The native race, the Filipinoes, indolent and commercially inactive, were for centuries constantly assailed by Chinese

and Malay pirates. Eventually Dutch control brought some commercial importance to the group, but this was lost again in a Spanish control which followed. In time the Spanish gave up their control to the British, but only for a very short period, when it was returned to them, and Spanish rule, unprogressive in every sense, was brought to an end in 1898, when America fought and defeated Spain on the seas. American administration has brought peace, progress, and prosperity, blessings new to the Filipinoes, but which the bulk of them are not appreciating as fully as they should.

The Philippines consist of quite 3,000 islands; Luzon, the largest and most important, is 41,000 square miles in extent. The climate is mildly tropical, and white folk can live in tolerable comfort all the year round. The native population is estimated at 11,000,000, one million being styled non-Christian, or semi-savage, while Americans, Europeans, and Asiatics would possibly make another quarter of a million. Manila has a population of 300,000, mostly Filipinoes, with a large sprinkling of Asiatics, and some 2,000 Americans. The group throughout the larger and inhabited islands—the smaller islands are

often mere coral reefs of sand and palm, and uninhabited—is remarkably fertile, and there are tremendous possibilities of an industrial and commercial development, prospects made definite by the enterprise and energy of the American administration.

Manila may be said to consist of two cities—the old, or Spanish, known to tourists as " The Walled City," and the modern, or American, city. The old town, surrounded by a high, moss-covered, rough stone wall, has been brought from unsanitary and unprogressive conditions to be a place wholesome, interesting, and picturesque in many aspects. The wall served in olden days as a resistance to the repeated attacks of pirates. The city was practically a fortress, but, to bring about modern conditions, large openings have been made for wide thoroughfares between the harbour docks and the old and new cities, thoroughfares ever crowded with a busy traffic. The wall—built, so it is recorded, over three hundred years ago—has on its wide, substantial ramparts small cannon, no doubt serviceable enough in checking the advance of pirates, but utterly useless for modern warfare. They remain simply as objects of curiosity to tourists. The wall fronts in its greatest extent Manila

Bay, a fine area of water in which has been constructed a small inner artificial harbour, busy day and night with a multitude of steamers from all parts of the globe. It also serves as a main anchorage of the American Pacific Fleet.

The old city, smartened up, still retains its rough, cobbled, narrow streets and its quaint, stone buildings. Among them is the Filipinoe House of Legislature, for, though American administration is supreme, the Filipinoes really have self-government, and control most revenue-bearing departments. The American administration, however, has had to put a curb upon the spending propensities of the Filipinoe legislators, who are addicted to the vice of squander, apparently having the queer idea that the Americans should advance them money without limit for the privilege of the ownership of the Philippines. It constitutes one of the grievances of the Filipinoes against the American administration that they should be checked in spending all moneys that come into the Treasury—American, the bulk of it, for little is made by Filipinoe enterprise. When, a few years back, the American administration advanced large sums of loan money, and allowed the Filipinoe legislators a free hand, their

OLD WALLED CITY, MANILA

BRIDGE FROM THE OLD CITY, MANILA

extravagance was so woeful that the country was encumbered with a very heavy national debt. All the same, the Filipinoes, who never knew before the sensation of handling money in big sums, are sulky over American interference.

Immediately without the old city wall is the new American city, manifested in an impressive array of sky-scraping, white-concrete Government buildings, plain and severe in architecture. The streets are wide, and, in the residential areas, tree-avenued. Beyond are manufacturing districts, denoted by many factories, with towering chimney-stacks. Another area has schools, American churches, and near by are the American soldiers' barracks, and long lines of officers' residences.

An interesting feature is the Escolta, or business centre, reached from the old city and a busy tram-served area of the new one by a very showy bridge of white stone which spans the Pasig River, Manila's waterway. This is a small stream densely crowded with craft, smart and trim American ferries, speedy inter-island steamers, and hundreds of native junks, usually heavily laden with island produce, and, by the way, the abode of numerous families. The street

traffic of the Escolta is wonderfully animated. Pedestrians hurry along very narrow pathways, while the roadway is crowded, and the air is filled with the screech of what seems like thousands of gramophones giving forth a higgledy-piggledy of tunes deafening and distracting, but understood to be delightful to the Filipinoe ear. Great as the traffic is in the streets, it forms a veritable jam of vehicles on the bridge, and of the most motley nature. Flashing motor-cars and motor-lorries crush side by side with strange carts and waggons, while the innumerable cabs—neat little sulkies carrying top-heavy hoods, gaily painted, neat and spruce, and drawn by well-groomed ponies with coloured harness, brass facings, tossing heads proudly to the incessant jingling of innumerable tiny bells—add animation to the scene. This solid mass of traffic moves evenly and quickly, the result of excellent regulations maintained by keen-eyed Filipinoe traffic police, who, standing on pedestals, shaded by huge umbrellas, at each end of the bridge, wave with magician-like effect short wands, directing the traffic this way and that without loss of time and without hesitation or accident. Accidents are very rare, despite the well-deserved reputation of the Filipinoe motor-car driver as

the most reckless in the world. When accidents do occur, with surprising haste and with what should be termed American hustle every sign is in a few minutes obliterated and traffic goes on as smoothly as if no interruption had taken place.

In the residential quarter of the American city, the streets being somewhat narrow, car-drivers are cautioned against "parking," an American term which means blocking up the roadway by prolonged occupation. They must move on so as to leave the space clear. The term has quite a different interpretation in a jazz-room, when dancers may, and do, "park" *ad libitum*, faces and bodies as closely together as possible, always with ludicrous, and often with vulgar, even indecent, effect.

The beauty-spot and social rendezvous of all Manila is the Luneta, within the American city area, a neatly laid out park with beautiful, well-kept swards and pleasant walks, the whole dominated by a fine statue of a famous Filipinoe patriot. On the one side are the great Executive offices of the American administration and the Governor-General's residence; on another, and near the harbour, is the Manila Hotel, a palatial

block of buildings, the centre of many social functions, and the particular rendezvous of globe-trotters, who pour into Manila by the hundred with every overseas steamer. Every afternoon an excellent band plays, and then the wealth and fashion of numerous nationalities turn out to promenade, or sit and enjoy the music, or watch the long procession of smart motor-cars as they pass at leisured pace. The American idea of swank in these days is owning a costly and showy car. The dressing of the ladies is particularly smart ; the " very latest " is not wanting, that of the Filipinoe ladies—a blend of the ancient and the modern, as it were—giving a quaintness to the scene. The dress is suggestive of a ball-room costume, having a very low neck and very short sleeves, the blouse of rich, brightly coloured silk surmounted at the back with a high, stiff wire screen covered with thin, beflowered muslin, very reminiscent of the Mary Queen of Scots collar. The Filipinoe lady, if she is somewhat scantily covered about the neck and shoulders, makes amends by a full, trailing skirt, completely hiding her ankles, a fashion no doubt acquired from the modest Spanish costume of black silk, with its long, well-managed train. Spanish ladies in Manila still adhere to this

OLD SPANISH WOOD-CARVING, MANILA

IN THE JUNGLE NEAR CAPE YORK

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old fashion, which is very effective, with the covering of the graceful mantilla, or Spanish shawl.

Dressy as the Filipinoe lady is, she is outmatched by the Filipinoe youth, a gaudy person in smart, well-cut, white duck or yellow Assam silk suit, radiant tie, highly coloured handkerchief, the brightest of socks (light purple is popular), and the shiniest of shoes, with the neatest laces.

Bright and animated by day, Manila by night, with its myriad electric lights, becomes a gay fairyland. The Luneta is more crowded and popular than ever, and the hotels and numerous cabarets are in the full swing of pleasure. The numerous churches of the Spanish city are the glory of Manila from the tourist point of view. Many of them are hundreds of years old, and possess wonderful collections of works of art—paintings, statuary, altar ornaments of gold, silver, and rich gems ; while one of the oldest and largest of the churches has a fame far and wide for its beautifully carved cedar ceiling, a wonderful specimen of its kind and perfectly entrancing in its completeness and finish. Another old church, said to be the oldest, has a great doorway of wood exquisitely carved, the work of a famous

Spanish artist of three hundred years ago. Though exposed to the heat and rains and the constant fingering of tourists, there is not a blemish or scratch to be seen, and it remains wonderfully preserved.

There is not a day of the week but some festival is in progress in some one of the many churches. Early and late, crowds stream in and out of the church doors; the altars are aglow with a blaze of candles; priests in gorgeous vestments, attended by numerous acolytes, officiate; the air is redolent with incense. The whole effect is most impressive. An arresting feature is the sweet singing of boy choirs, under the batons of priests, raising up their voices melodiously. The music is truly beautifully rendered.

The main characteristic of Manila is the various and almost incredible number of scholastic institutions, administered by the governments, American and Filipinoe, and by numerous Roman Catholic orders of monks and nuns. The American administration is encouraging education and has recently built an immense institution which provides instruction from the kindergarten level to that of a university The universities, some of which have been in existence for hundreds of

years, the religious foundations, convents, and schools, are generally up to date in standards and subjects. Manila must be accounted a great educational centre. The marvel is that so much education has failed to make the Filipinoes a more ambitious and commercially prosperous people. The particular desire of every family is to have at least one son a lawyer. Manila has so many lawyers within its bounds that it might aptly be termed a city of lawyers. Every second man and youth is either a lawyer or hopes to be one. The Presidents, the legislators, the officials of the Filipinoe administration, are mostly lawyers. The patrons of sports, the leaders of every phase of political and social conditions, are usually lawyers. The chief agitators against American administration are lawyers. They are to be found in every nook and corner, ready to give advice in the street or on the nearest doorstep. There are so many it would be impossible to accommodate them with offices, and the majority are so poor, creating the biggest section of the unemployed, that they have become a public nuisance. Keeping the people aggressive to the American administration, they form an obstacle to a more willing effort towards commercial and industrial progress.

In the way of sport the Filipinoes have little that is commendable. Horse-racing is not a clean sport, and the national pastime of cock-fighting is wickedly cruel. Steel-spurred, the poor birds are urged on to a contest which quickly ends in slaughter. The sport encourages the congregation of mobs of idlers, continually resulting in rowdyism through disputes arising over bets and the fighting qualities of the cocks. In consequence the American administration now prohibits the sport within city bounds, and provides that it must be conducted under police supervision. This constitutes a grievance which cock-fighting enthusiasts have raised to the importance of a grave national complaint against the American administration. But the administration is winning, and the near future will see the Filipinoes indulging in more manly sport. The Filipinoes are more or less rebellious against American ownership of the Philippines, and yet they have never had kinder or more indulgent masters. Money by the tens of thousands of dollars flows into the country annually for the reclaiming of rich but undeveloped districts which can be made productive by sugar cultivation, cattle rearing, tobacco plantations, general farming, fruit growing, or the opening

up of mineral resources. Railways have been built, and are still being constructed, in the bigger and more inhabited islands. Well-made roads are numerous. The Filipinoes are encouraged to take an active interest in all works. They are the workers, and mostly the officials, of the railways, the management being held by Americans. In the rural areas the Filipinoes are beginning to appreciate American enterprise and energy. With the growth of this activity it is possible the time may come when the Americans will consider the matter of handing back the group to the Filipinoes. It is quite wrong to suppose America is getting anything out of the Philippines. Rather it is losing by the transaction, inasmuch as the millions of dollars loaned for building up the commercial possibilities of the group may never be returned. At present the Filipinoes are a long way off being capable of managing for themselves. They lack qualities that mark strength of character, and, if left to their own devices, would, as they have done throughout their history, quickly fall to the mastership of some more active and vigorous race. The generous treatment meted out by the American administration, and the desire to help the Filipinoes to gain self-determination,

is amply demonstrated. Few American troops are maintained in the group. What army there is consists mainly of Filipinoes. The police force is almost entirely composed of Filipinoes, even to the highest offices. Summing up the American ownership of the Philippines, it may be declared as ideal in its power for good, and in no single way curbing the reasonable liberty of the Filipinoes.

Chapter IV

HONG-KONG

British, not Chinese—Some History—The Sea Approach—The Harbour—Shipping and Traffic—Chinese Boarding-house Advertising—The Docks—Victoria City—The Bund—Street Life—The Peak—Wire-Rope Tramway—"Happy Valley"—Repulse Bay—Hong-Kong by Night—British Enterprise.

Travelling in the Orient, one is continually reminded that Hong-Kong is not Chinese but distinctly British. A small island off the coast of the Kwangtung Province, South China, and at the entrance of the Canton, or Pearl River, Hong-Kong was the scene eighty years ago of many historic events as a result of which it came into possession of the British, and the Chinese under British influence. The island is ten miles long, with an average width of three to four miles. Its individuality is so decidedly British that, justly, it is not considered correct to say one has been in China after a visit to Hong-Kong. Though the population contains at least a quarter

of a million or more of Chinese out of a total of 300,000, one is impressed at every turn with British influence, in government, trade, and enterprise. The coast of China is close at hand; indeed, Kowloon, the crowded and busy shipping centre, of docks, bonds, and warehouses, and the terminus of the railway running to Canton, though included in the area of Hong-Kong, is on the mainland; so that travellers visiting Hong-Kong can be excused if, in a general way, they say they have been in China.

Hong-Kong in a geographical sense may be described as a series of low, rugged ranges, the highest not much above fifteen hundred feet, presenting a bold and picturesque landscape. Once a pirates' stronghold, Hong-Kong has become one of the greatest ports of the universe. It is a conspicuous outpost of the Empire; one that guarantees trade, peace, and confidence in the Orient. Its city, named Victoria, in its completeness is frankly to be classed as a magnificent effort of British enterprise.

For nigh on three hundred years Europeans have had commercial intercourse with Southern China, and, despite pirates, desperadoes of the worst possible kind, Hong-Kong became the centre of foreign, and especially British, activities.

It was British pluck that won it from pirate domination and brought it to commercial prosperity. In 1841 British and Chinese trade intercourse had acquired an importance which caused the Chinese to recognise the benefits to follow on British influence and enterprise. These possibilities have been amply fulfilled. Hong-Kong was ceded to the British in the memorable treaty of Nankin.

Approaching Hong-Kong from the sea on a bright day, the hills of the island and those of China aglow with colour, a brilliant spectacle is presented, one of the most striking scenes of the many to be seen in Oriental lands. The entrance to the harbour is impressive, the sentinel fort of "Stonecutters' Island" holding a central position and commanding every avenue of entrance.

In these days of long-range guns and aeroplanes, it is said the once impregnable Hong-Kong has lost its security from naval attack. But, after a sojourn in the place, one is satisfied the British authorities have not relaxed their military prescience, and that Hong-Kong might be able to defy the siege of the stoutest and most persistent of attackers.

The harbour is a revelation in the beauty of

its surroundings, in the crowded state of shipping, its general bustle and animation. Reposing like a vast lake in the midst of towering hills, it is, viewed from any height, absolutely majestic in its general presentation. Constantly filled with the ships of all nations, it always exhibits a scene of animation. Not a day of the week but ocean liners are entering, leaving, anchored in the stream, or fast in the docks. Junks are in thousands, sampans skim over the waters like flights of birds. There are innumerable ferries, launches, tugs, huge river steamers, craft of every size, shape, and colour, the whole making such a picture of vivid activity that a Britisher gazing upon it cannot fail to feel a glow of pride in what British trade and enterprise have accomplished.

The harbour supports upon its busy bosom a floating population estimated at 100,000. There are colonies of Chinese families, every junk and sampan a home for one, sometimes two and three, families, all possessing dogs and pet birds, and even fowls to supply the family with eggs.

One of the strangest sights of the harbour, and also one of the most amusing and exciting, is presented by junks and large sampans that meet incoming steamers known to have Chinese

passengers. They are gay with bunting and fluttering banner advertisements, in which Chinese boarding-house keepers set forth the advantages of their establishments, and display the most liberal menus, more fanciful in promise than in reality, as the passengers quickly find out. The vessels carry hundreds of touts, men and women, all calling out lustily, the women shrieking in a way that is positively ear-splitting. In their eagerness to do business and secure customers, many of the touts, the women just as keenly as the men, display marvellous agility in managing to reach the decks of the steamers without injury. The passengers, undecided or bewildered by the noise and bustle, have their belongings snatched and whisked overboard on to a junk or sampan before they realise their loss. But this is no sooner discovered than there is intense excitement and a hurricane of jabbering. It is usually at this stage the ship's hose is played on the touts who, shrieking and yelling, scurry overboard, not failing to grab sundry packages and articles not well guarded. Chinese passengers accustomed to the scene keep their property well in sight and hand. Mostly it consists of carpet bags, umbrellas, a variety of small boxes and brown paper parcels, and frequently a bird in a cage.

Steamers arriving from Australia often bring two or three hundred Chinese passengers. Thousands of Australian birds, parrots, cockatoos, and finches are shipped for sale to the bird venders of the Chinese cities, who do a brisk trade in birds brought from all parts of the world. Chinamen make pets of birds, and, as an Englishman takes his dog out for a run, so does the Chinaman take his bird out for an airing, the bird hopping about in its cage as if appreciating the bustle around. Chinese workmen may often be seen at work with their feathered pets suspended in cages near by, any spare moment being devoted to attending to their wants. It is a matter for wonder that the Australian Government should allow the unrestrained export of birds, especially as hundreds die on the voyage to the Orient. Birds by dozens are brought to Australia from China, but by thousands are exported from Australia. The moment a steamer is fast in its dock, the gangway hardly in place, there is a rush, and the decks are filled with money-changers, pedlars, tailors, laundry-men, boot-repairers, chair-menders, guides and touts for cars, rickshas, and sedan chairs. Women offer themselves as nurses to any children on board, and there is the little woman ready to sew on

buttons and mend clothes. The curio men do a roaring trade, and the Chinese toy-vender is also popular.

A vivid activity prevails day and night about the docks, for night is as bright as day with the flood of electric light illumination. Every inch of space is taken up ; there are veritable forests of funnels and masts, great mail steamers are surrounded by huge barges, by junks and sampans. Coolies, men and women, seem to be in thousands, the latter very often carrying babies on their backs, the little mites always in the brightest of garments, sleeping contentedly, unheeding the roar of the loading and unloading of a wonderful variety of cargoes. What with the ceaseless shouts and chanties of the coolies, the crash of winches, the shrieks of whistles, the condition is one of a positive hurly-burly.

Steaming up Hong-Kong's wonderful harbour, there are many impressive evidences of British enterprise in great shipbuilding yards and engineering works, both employing thousands of Chinese, many trained to the highest standards of competency and efficiency.

The city of Hong-Kong, named Victoria, is of striking plan and attractive arrangement, possessing fine streets and exceedingly handsome

buildings, while the Law Courts and other Government offices display ornate architecture. There are massive, many-storied banks, palatial hotels, elegant shops, vast emporiums, and the city is famous for its statuary, one notable feature being the Queen Victoria memorial. A story is told that during the visit of the Prince of Wales to Hong-Kong, several thousands of pounds were quickly collected to commemorate his visit by the erection of a costly statue, but the Prince asked that the money be devoted to the building of a hospital. The Chinese were astounded that a Prince should be so unselfish. The good deed has been flashed to the uttermost confines of China, and it is said that if the Prince were proposed as the Emperor of China not a Chinaman but would acclaim him.

The population of the city is decidedly cosmopolitan, continually augmented by the almost daily arrival of hundreds of tourists from all over the world. The streets are constantly crowded, though at night the throngs diminish and are centred round the hotels from which come the sounds of gaiety. The dress of every nationality is to be seen in the streets, the white suits and cool dresses of Europeans and Americans, the turbans and voluminous robes of the much

COOLIES OF HONG-KONG

A CHINESE SOLDIER

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bejewelled Indians, Russians in red and gold and high top boots, Chinese merchants in long Cantonese gowns of grey silk, the little Chinese ladies in black silk trousers, purple silk blouses, the gayest of silk stockings, the shiniest of silk shoes, and the brightest of silk parasols. During the afternoons the khaki uniforms of the soldiers of the garrison are much in evidence.

Victoria city has its Bund, or Broadway, running parallel with the harbour. It is a striking highway of fine, lofty buildings, many statues, and a general spick-and-spanness that is wholesome and denotes vigilant municipal government. Along the water-front are dense lines of junks and sampans and ferry pavilions through which crowds are constantly moving. The centre-way of the Bund is lined with sedan chairs and rickshas and their brightly dressed carriers and drawers. At the main tram terminus comfortable double-deck trams are continually coming in and going out from and to all sections of the city, and a tram ride is worth while as an excellent means of viewing the sights, the life, and traffic. Street traffic has its contrasts in flashing motor-cars and slow, lumbering buffalo-carts, always quaint and picturesque. The Bund is often the scene of military receptions, for here distinguished

people are received. A peculiar feature of the Bund is presented in the tall, pigeon-loft looking buildings, several stories high. These are flats with compartments more like cupboards than rooms, yet every one crowded with Chinese families, the inmates swarming in and out like ants out of a disturbed nest. The roofs of these buildings are flat, and at any time long lines of washing may be seen fluttering in the breeze. Altogether Victoria city is a very busy place through the enormous trade coming in and out, to and from China and the world.

The fascinating feature of Hong-Kong is the Peak, or the hill which rises abruptly behind the city, forming a striking, noble, and beautiful background. It is terraced with fine roads, avenued with dainty palms and leafy tropic trees. Elegant residences are set in pretty gardens, rising one above the other to the very summit, 1,500 feet. It is a triumph of town planning excellently arranged and maintained.

A wire-rope tramway runs straight up the hillside to a height of 1,000 feet, carrying daily thousands of passengers, residents, and tourists. The trip is done in a little less than twelve minutes, with quick stoppages at little stations serving the various terraces. There is full security from

A PEEP AT THE HARBOUR, HONG-KONG

THE SUMMIT, VICTORIA CITY, HONG-KONG

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danger in powerful brakes and locking devices, which can check speed and hold the trams fast in an instant. But one is so much entranced by the panorama of scenes around, above, and below, that danger is never considered. Each foot of the ascent or descent reveals wonderful pictures in the harbour, the city, and the mainland. From the summit, a miniature plateau securely fenced and cosy with seats, there are views on all sides of sea, islands, and far-away mountains and coasts, on a fine day. And most days are fine in this "City of delight." Often a blue haze adds much to the general picture. Looking over the city down the hillside, sharply prominent are the botanical gardens, gorgeous with bloom, the stately mansion with fine gardens which is the official residence of the Governor, and, like a mirror flashing and enframed among tropic trees of generous leafage, the city's reservoir.

Hong-Kong is not accounted an unhealthy place. In the city the heat of the summer months is trying, but in a few minutes it is possible to rise to the terraces of the hill where the temperature is made cool and refreshing by monsoonal breezes.

One of the many interesting spots to visit round about Victoria city is "Happy Valley," strangely but appropriately named, one of the prettiest

of cemeteries, and the resting-place of many brave British pioneers. Looking over the grey, weather-beaten tombstones is like reading a page in the history of the Empire's expansion, for the pioneers laid the foundation of the present greatness of Hong-Kong. The cemetery is exquisitely planned, bright with flowers, beautiful with trees, and exceedingly well tended.

Immediately opposite, across the road, indeed, from "Happy Valley," is the Hong-Kong race-course, a particularly pretty spot. The popular seaside resort is Repulse Bay, a few miles from the city, reached by a very picturesque road presenting views of the harbour and of Chinese fishing villages. One village was noted for its progressive municipality, and its mayor was a Chinaman—named MacPherson.

Repulse Bay is delightful with its golden beach, blue waters, and great hill, rising in terraces and forming a background of towering crag-like peaks. The place is famous for one of the most sumptuous hotels of the Orient.

Away in the hills is a tiny cemetery where sleep brave British sailors who served with the navy in the earliest days of British occupation. Hong-Kong is altogether an intensely attractive place, with variety in every scene and phase of life.

REPULSE BAY, HONG-KONG

HILLS SURROUNDING REPULSE BAY

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Above all, one is deeply impressed by the illustration of British energy and enterprise. The "Land of Sweet Waters," as the Chinese have poetically named it, is a triumph of British rule. No Britisher who can afford the journey should fail to visit this great outpost of the Empire which inspires the grandest confidence in the future capabilities of the British people.

Any description of Hong-Kong would be incomplete without reference to its amazingly beautiful and incomparable presentation when illuminated at night. City, peak, harbour, mainland, become a veritable blaze of electric lights, many of bright colours. This first seen may give the impression of special welcome to some distinguished person. But no ; this is Hong-Kong every night and all night. Arrive in the harbour at two in the morning, the general illumination is as liberal and brilliant as at eight o'clock. It is a scene, once witnessed, never to be effaced from memory.

Chapter V

JAPAN

The Progress of Modern Conditions

In Government — Trade — Industries — Shipping — Railways —Cities—Education—Christianity—The National Religions —The Press—The Workers—And the Royal Family.

The Japanese have a proverb, "One glance of the eye is worth a hundred hearings of the ear." This is apt to the fact. To realise the amazing progress made, and sustained, in modern ideals, manners, and conditions in Japan, it is necessary to visit the country.

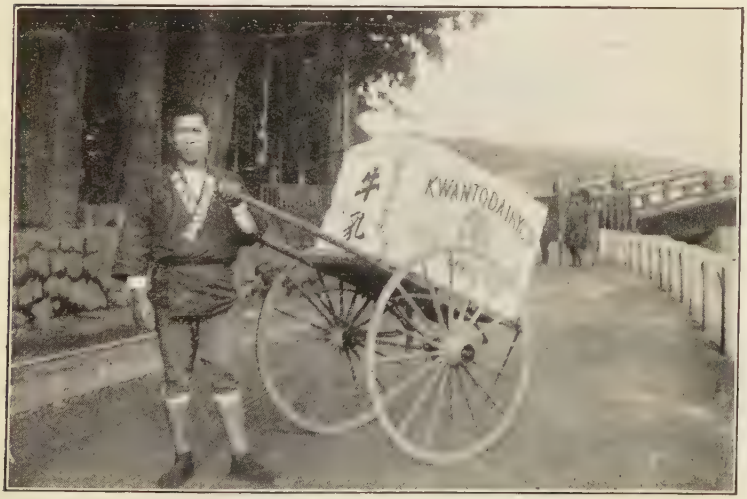
Though much has been written of this wonderful progress, all that has been said inadequately conveys the amount and thoroughness of the progress. In its ramifications and completeness this progress constitutes a momentous event in modern history.

A great surprise awaits the traveller with a mind stored with preconceived ideas derived

mostly from reading. Hardly more than a century ago this country was one of the most exclusive, lost for centuries in isolation, steeped in the mysteries and unprogressiveness of a strange and ancient civilisation—though fundamentally in many respects little different from Western civilisation. With this preconception in his mind the visitor is unprepared for the striking evidences of all that is modern and enterprising in Japan to-day.

Japan—the "Pathway to the Sun," as Japanese poets delight to name their native land—has still its æsthetic beauty, its vivid colouring, quaint customs, and its picturesque and polite people. There is still the Oriental atmosphere, but most palpably and rapidly merging with this are modern conditions. There is a profound energy in the new order of things, dominating efforts in government, trade, education, social and domestic affairs. There has, indeed, been such an upheaval from the old way to the new it may safely be predicted that, with a consistent continuation of present energy, Japan bids fair to become in the next quarter of a century conspicuous among nations. It is to be feared, however, the change will mean the loss of much that is picturesque in the land and quaint in the people.

IN OLD JAPAN



MILKMAN OF NIKKO

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Japan's progress has startled the world into a keen and vigilant interest in Japanese ambitions, political and commercial. Despite world-wide aggressive propaganda, strangely malicious in its intent, apparently striving to belittle the progress of Japan, there is no eluding the fact that other nations have awakened to the necessity of taking into account the wishes and opinions of the Japanese, which now play a conspicuous part in the League of Nations. To-day Japan is consulted in many aspects of international political matters, is in touch with the affairs of other nations, and is admittedly the paramount influence in all that pertains to the East and the Pacific. Her alertness and prowess in military and naval matters are acknowledged, and her development in trade makes her a potential commercial rival. The fact cannot be treated lightly that Japan now ranks with the greatest powers, and has a powerful influence in the affairs of the world.

The government is no longer despotic, based on the rule of the nobility and the submission of the masses, but is modernly built, embodying wise constitutional ideals. The Japanese Parliament, once solely for the nobles and wealthy, now comprises men of all classes. There is independence

of discussion and freedom of speech. National and commercial progress, not military control and aggressiveness, has become the slogan of the nation. A liberal franchise has been granted, which in the near future will possibly include votes for women. Law is now in consonance with wholesome, progressive, modern conditions, and strives for the upliftment, not the suppression and impoverishment, of the people.

With government, as with trade and industry, Japan has made outstanding progress on modern lines. In 1864 she was resisting foreign intrusion and opening her ports reluctantly to foreign trade. To-day she trades with the world, and every port of the Japanese Empire worthy of development is made accessible to the mercantile marine of all nations.

Main ports, such as Kobe, Nagasaki, Yokohama before the earthquake, and others, are filled at all times with the shipping of all commercial nations, and the finest steamers from America, Europe, and Australia have their regular services, crowded with passengers and heavily laden with cargoes. The ports are complete in the most modern devices for the handling of cargoes. In the main ports are immense areas of docks and mammoth shipbuilding yards. In shipbuilding

YOKOHAMA BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

STREET HAWKER, YOKOHAMA

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equipment Japan is independent of the world and is turning out some of the largest and most magnificent steamers afloat—vessels renowned for speed, palatial comfort, and adornment. The fact cannot be overlooked that Japan stands high in the world's shipping tonnage.

Japan proper in area is 382,415 square miles (the whole Empire is but 675,000 square miles, about one-fifth the size of Australia). There is a network of railways and a railway system, entirely in the hands of the Japanese, which in permanent way, accommodation, rolling-stock, is equal to any nation's. Japan promises to have an electric tramway system that will be the most extensive and complete in the world. In another decade the whole land will be criss-crossed with tram-rails, linking up every city, town, port, and village, and a veritable chain of industries, throwing up their towering smoke-stacks, denoting the industrial enterprise and activity of the Japanese.

Taking into consideration what Japan has already done in her years of modern industrial enterprise, it is doubtful if any country to the same extent uses so generally electric power, and provides it so liberally and cheaply. Every

city, town, port, village, hamlet, industry, and habitation, no matter how humble, has its supply of electricity, using it for all purposes. By night Japan is a land of one vast illumination. In the numerous cities, towns, and ports, the coastlines are outlined in an almost unbroken continuation of electric lights; the mountain-tops and sides sparkle with myriad lights, shrines in lonely pathways throw floods of light to guide the footsteps of worshippers. This power is produced in its abundance by simply harnessing the waterfalls which line the great range of rugged mountains, snow-covered in winter, running through the land like a giant backbone. It is said there are at least one thousand companies in Japan interested in providing electric power and in making machinery for its various purposes.

Among the most interesting evidences of modern progress are the conditions prevailing in the large cities, and, indeed, in many of the small towns. Prior to the earthquake, in the latter part of 1923, Tokyo, the capital, in its modern garb, presented an up-to-dateness in town planning which distinguished it even among the most handsome and convenient cities of the world. Wrecked almost completely by the disastrous

convulsion of nature, Tokyo is being rapidly rebuilt, and promises to arise from its ruins like a Phœnix from its ashes, more complete, more modern, and more beautiful than ever. A most energetic mayor of the city is Baron Goto, who presided over municipal matters in the year of the disaster. Twelve months previously, standing on one of the heights on the outskirts of the city, and looking over the unmodern area, with its squat, congested habitations, he expressed the hope that he would be able to wipe that old-time section out and rebuild in accordance with modern plans. To that end he engaged a famous town-planning expert from America. But little did the enterprising mayor think his hopes would be realised so soon, and in such drastic manner, as was accomplished through the medium of the earthquake, with its accompaniment of loss of life and destruction of property. In five years it is possible that the new Tokyo will become a model city of the most modern type. The energy displayed in the capital is reflected in all other Japanese cities, eminently in Osaka, the great industrial centre, and Kobe, the most modern of the ports. The squat, drab, congested conglomeration of buildings characteristic of old-time Japanese cities, unimpressive and certainly

unwholesome, is quickly giving way to modern arrangements. Now there are being provided sanitation, extensive transport, tramways, motor-cars, lorries, water and lighting systems, and there will be fine streets, beautiful parks, and buildings of striking architecture. Those now in course of erection, by the way, will not tower to the sky, but will be set low—earthquake-proof. There will be every convenience, facility, and institution essential to the well-being, comfort, and health of the people, consistent with a progressive modern city. The work of the reconstruction of the earthquake-devastated areas of Japan, admitted by British, French, and American engineers to be one of the greatest feats of the age—work costing hundreds of millions, employing millions, utilising the ablest brains of the nation—all this expense, talent, effort, trouble, and care can hardly come from a people thinking and planning war in the near or far future.

Quite fifty per cent. of the people of Japan are acquiring Western education. Standards are set high, following those of the British more than any other nation. Education is compulsory. No better evidence of Japan's modern progress can be given than this. With energy maintained,

spurred on by a wholesome ambition, the necessary qualities which the Japanese possess to a very high degree, it is doubtful if in another quarter of a century there will be an unschooled person in Japan. This means a nation enterprising, vigorous, sober, industrious, patriotic, and educated, which, as such, must command a dominant place in the world.

The universities can claim well-filled libraries and adequate requirements. The world has been ransacked for books, and laboratories are provided with every accessory to advancement in modern science. Students determined to succeed in some sphere of usefulness crowd to the universities. Those showing ability are sent to American and European universities, with all expenses paid.

Japanese students are given to learning, not, as in some other countries, acting as a disturbing force in political matters.

One university devotes its efforts entirely to the commercial training of many thousands of students, male and female; every subject likely to be helpful in commerce is taught by well-paid masters brought from Europe and America.

A particularly interesting feature of this university is the granting of scholarships, enabling

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students to travel and study the commerce of the world. In many of the cities and bigger towns are what are called "museums of commerce." In these every known product, its uses and manufacture and all that pertains to its trade, is presented, and the conditions of trade of every country can be investigated.

It may not be out of place to refer here to the failure of the Japanese to acquire a big hold on the world's trade during the war. Here was an opportunity such as few nations have had in history. The failure serves to show how the Japanese realised a national mistake and how they are profiting by the lesson.

Japanese trading until recent years was perhaps more imitative than initiative. They had learned bad trade habits from other nations and followed them too doggedly. In the opening up of Japan to foreign trade the nation was practically forced to accept foreign trade conditions, and exploitation was rife. Possibly it was then that Japanese traders acquired trade tricks. Realising the possibilities of profiteering with shoddy goods, and the disadvantages of countries such as Australia, unable to manufacture many classes of goods during the war, Japan went ahead, accepting orders for all manner of goods,

making poor imitations, and, being practically non-belligerent, with ships free upon the seas, very dishonestly endeavoured to force up prices. "Get rich quick" was the slogan of this class of Japanese trader, and the result was a commercial *débâcle*, a lesson to the Japanese and to the world. More eager than prepared, more confident than skilful, depending upon imitation in the manufacture of goods, a certain section of Japanese traders brought their country into serious trouble before the Government and people realised the full extent of mischief done. Violating the most ordinary principles of commerce, insolent in tone and manner, these traders demanded payment before delivery, and consignments of goods, to outward appearance complete, were found on investigation not up to sample, shoddy and useless. Firms had to destroy stuff for which they had paid thousands of pounds, to get rid of lumber which had no saleable value. This kind of trading did much to injure trade relations between Australia and Japan. Strange stories are related of how Australian merchants' orders were fulfilled. A well-known Melbourne firm gave an order for some hundreds of dozens of cotton singlets, a sample being sent of what was required. The sample was

stamped "Made in Germany"—a pre-war article and purchase. The order was fulfilled in its entirety, the imitation so perfectly carried out that every Japanese-made singlet had marked on it "Made in Germany." They were unsaleable, and resulted in a heavy loss to the firm.

A Sydney house gave an order for some thousands of gross of lead pencils, an Austrian sample being sent. The pencils came, faithful to number, appearance, and finish, but not one with more than an inch of useful lead, wire having been substituted. The penalty of such dealings came in the way of a national loss of trade. Japan suffered for some years after the war a trade depression which reduced the national wealth, created much unemployment, and hampered Japanese enterprise in all parts of the world.

The Japanese Government, the Chambers of Commerce, the people in general, awoke to the great harm done, and set to work to restore Japan's commercial prestige. The Government brought in drastic legislation, making it impossible for traders to undertake orders unless they were fully prepared to carry them out in the most complete and faithful manner.

Fortunately Japanese firms of long standing refused from the first to have anything to do with orders they had neither the skill nor the machinery to cope with ; and Japan, thankful to those firms that to-day Japanese trade is again being steadily built up on a solid and honest foundation by Government supervision, is vigilant in securing that everything exported is excellent in quality, complete, and substantial. Commercial men of the world are now satisfied with Japanese production and the country is advancing rapidly in the front ranks of commerce. The Japanese are no longer content to be merely imitative. They have acquired an individuality which will make Japanese goods as distinctive as British goods. Japanese standards are being recognised as high. "Made in Japan" is not to be placed on the level of "Made in Germany," a term signifying "cheap and shoddy." Japanese goods are of good quality and soundly made.

Ultimately an extensive trade will surely come between Australia and Japan, Australia offering many raw products for manufactured articles of Japanese make. Twenty years ago few Australians could have imagined the development of the present extensive wool trade of Australia

with Japan, and that Japanese buyers would at sales vie with the buyers of all other nations in their demand for the best qualities of wool. Japan is ready also to buy Australian wheat, cotton, sugar, timbers, meat, fruits, minerals. In this enlargement of trade China is also being brought into more intimate contact with Australia, whose association with Oriental countries may be largely increased with mutual advantage.

The Japanese show a remarkable adaptability in acquiring foreign languages, recognising this valuable aid to world trading. A knowledge of English is compulsory in all the higher schools; it is an essential in entrance to the universities, especially the University of Commerce, and is a main factor in obtaining employment in the Government, in banking, and commercial pursuits. Teachers of the language have been engaged from England and America. English may be regarded as the dual language of the country. Time-tables, guides, public notices, and often business signs, are in English. At all tourist bureaux signs can be seen: "English spoken here." It is rarely that a policeman cannot answer any enquiry in English. The average well-to-do civilian is ready to speak the tongue. Go into

any shipping office, railway station, bank, or big departmental store, there is always someone who can converse in English. Most of the Japanese newspapers and magazines have their English editions. In trains and trams students of the language (and almost every Japanese is a student) will be seen diligently comparing one with the other.

The Japanese are great readers. Perhaps in no country in the world are bookstalls so crowded with books, papers, and magazines. Side by side with those Japanese will be seen literature of most other countries, particularly of England and America. Visit a Japanese war vessel, and the officers and crew off duty will be found intent on English grammars and dictionaries, improving their knowledge of the language, with the incentive that it means promotion as well as useful knowledge. Though sometimes quaint in expression, Japanese do not make the amusing blunders often attributed to them. Many speak quite fluently. Japanese tourists delight to visit English-speaking countries, not only to study conditions, but to perfect their English ; to come back to homeland familiar with English means at once a higher status in business and society. One of the greatest ambitions of the Japanese is that some

day Japan will be styled "The Britain of the East." As the English language is acknowledged to be the commercial language of the world, the Japanese eagerness to acquire it, and so to be instrumental in furthering the national ambition, can readily be understood.

In the advance of modern science, art, medicine, and literature the Japanese are taking an active share. Men and women have distinguished themselves by their knowledge and research.

In Western music they have made little headway, but Japanese bands play opera airs and jazz tunes in excellent time. An occasional Japanese violinist or pianist renders a sonata with precision, but there is lacking "soul," as European artists express it. Japanese music is neither tuneful nor appealing; there is a wide gap between it and Western melody. The twanging, really scratching, on the *shamien*, or Japanese fiddle, is irritating, and Japanese singing is weirdly monotonous and untuneful to our ears.

Following the progress of education there is an evident seeking of Christianity by a very large percentage of travelled and educated Japanese. Apparently it is the material ideals, rather than the spiritual, that appeal to them. Of their chief

religions, Buddhism and Shintoism, the one is the worship of the god Buddha, the other that of ancestors and the spirits of the dead. In the tenets of both there is much in common with Christianity, but the Japanese claim Buddhism to be much older than Christianity. Japan, with all her modern tendencies, is still a land of temples and shrines, priests, monks, and monasteries. The bulk of the people cling to the national religions. What is very evident, however, is the effort being made to modernise these religions, giving them a strong flavour of Christian ideals. Whether Christ will be accepted in the place of Buddha is a question.

At no time in the histories of Buddhism and Shintoism have the priests and monks been so progressively active as they are to-day, openly endeavouring to keep pace with the national trend of modern conditions. Once grossly ignorant, resorting to charms and incantations, trading on the fears and the superstitions of the people, the priests and monks are now setting up high standards of character and learning, and this is appealing to the more educated classes. It is not uncommon for Church leaders to argue on the doctrines of Buddhism and Shintoism as against Christianity, and very learnedly too, often through

the medium of the Press. The Japanese have been accused of being mere imitators of the modern conditions and thoughts of the Western peoples. Such may have been the case, and it is difficult to see how they could be original with other people's civilisation. But, now that education is giving them courage, it is bringing to them individuality. So with religion the Japanese will not be slavishly modern. Old ideals will be cherished, and there will still be the Japanese sentiments.

Unquestionably the Japanese are a religious people. This is amply demonstrated in the number of temples, shrines, and monasteries scattered over the land ; and the numerous annual festivals maintain unabated popularity.

The temples usually occupy large areas of ornamental grounds, dotted with smaller temples, statuary, shrines, gardens, walks, fine trees, and the *torii*, the Japanese religious symbol corresponding to the Christian cross. In late years some of the oldest and handsomest temples, many very beautiful in building and setting, have been renovated and dedicated to members of the royal family. There is an interesting temple in the city of Kobe, spoken of as the "Empress Temple," dedicated to

A FAMOUS BUDDHA, MORE THAN 1,000 YEARS OLD

JAPANESE FLAG-SELLER

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the present Empress, a popular leader in modern progress.

A festival presents a very animated scene. To the Western mind it is in some respects not unlike a fair, and yet the religious element is very evident. Thousands of men, women, and children, in their best and brightest raiment, a mixture of Western clothes and Japanese kimonos, throng through the main entrance, spreading out in streams to their favourite temples and shrines, the click-clack of *getas*, or Japanese shoes, making a startling but not unmusical sound as they tap the pathways. There is a constant buzz of conversation. In one section will be a street of tiny shops and stalls displaying all manner of goods, the owners bidding vociferously for custom. Mingling with the crowds are venders of religious tokens, priests in gorgeous, many-coloured silk vestments, rustling at every movement, selling tracts, one of the main sources of the revenues of the monasteries and the temples. The flag-seller, a gay personage encumbered with masses of tiny flags, does a roaring trade. It is an imposing sight to witness thousands waving the flags aloft, or bedecking their hair, hats, and clothing with the tiny and pretty flags of Nippon.

Placed before the presiding Buddha, in one of the chief temples of Tokyo, is an immense receptacle twelve feet in circumference and three feet deep. Into this the faithful, as they pass on their way to worship, throw in their offerings of coins until they positively heap up. It is not surprising that the monastery attached is one of the wealthiest in Japan. The Japanese adopt a variety of ways of praying—striking a bell, pulling a coloured rope with a heavy tassel before the altar of Buddha, turning a handle, giving alms. Beggars are plentiful, and festivals are harvest-times for them. Buddhas are generally hideous, at times repellent, objects of distorted human form. Most people apparently see nothing displeasing about them, but refined, educated Japanese express impatience, and even disgust. It is only a matter of time for many of the Buddhas seen about the streets and in the temples to be displaced by more pleasing and artistic statuary.

Within the next half-century quite a change is to be expected in the religious opinions and ways of the Japanese, but the national religions will not altogether lose their Japanese individuality.

To the traveller in Japan nothing is more surprising than the freedom of the Press, a modern and wise feature. Propaganda has helped the world to believe that freedom in any form is impossible in Japan. The latitude of the Press gives the lie direct to such statements. The Japanese are great news readers. Most of the newspapers are on a scale equal to the great English, American, and Australian dailies. Every city has its own papers or the local editions of the great Japanese newspapers of Tokyo or Osaka. Besides Japanese papers there are English, American, and other foreign papers in which there is little or no Japanese influence, and these are allowed full criticism of the government, trade, manners, and conditions. To the general credit, criticism is visually constructive. The one exception is a journal notorious for abusing the Japanese and everything that is Japanese. Yet this paper has been published for over a quarter of a century without restraint. It is said by foreigners that the paper serves the purpose of keeping the Japanese humble and unaggressive. It might be asked if a Japanese paper in Australia under foreign ownership and editorship would be tolerated, especially if conducted on the lines of challenging and vituperating

every Australian action, public and private, with the object of keeping Australians in their own country humble and unaggressive. That such a paper has been, and is, tolerated in Japan, speaks volumes for the freedom that exists for the foreigner.

The big dailies of Japan are complete in equipment and machinery, with all the essentials of a modern newspaper. The buildings are impressive in space, size, and architecture. For instance, the *Osaka Mainichi*, one of the leading organs of Japanese thought and effort in the city of Osaka, has a whole block of buildings, a staff of several hundreds, including British editors and journalists, machinery of the latest types, turning out, not only a big daily paper, but an illustrated weekly and several magazines, even one for the blind. Its cable service also is very complete. The *Osaka Mainichi* buildings contain, besides all offices pertaining to the paper, handsome lecture-rooms, restaurants, rest-rooms, a hospital, and dental chamber, with doctor and nurses. There is an exceedingly handsomely-furnished board-room, and one room, magnificently arranged, solely for the use of distinguished visitors. The paper maintains a fleet of motors for its general purposes.

The Press of Japan is vigorous, and is one of the main factors in presenting the truth and assisting the progress of the nation. Like other countries Japan has its "gutter" journals, quarrelsome organs out to disturb peace, but they have never gained respect or any ascendancy over the bulk of the people. These are the papers sometimes quoted by the like aggressive journals of Australia in an endeavour to creat distrust of the Japanese. The responsible Press of Japan never under any circumstances loses dignity; and its general tone is unaggressive, diplomatically favouring friendship with all peoples.

Modern progress in Japan has given a higher status and freedom, with better payment and living conditions to the workers, especially those of the coolie class. A man of this class may in these days rise to almost any position; in olden times it was the case of "Once a coolie, always a coolie."

Ten years ago it would have been rash to venture the opinion that Japanese workers would have guilds or unions, and that they would march in procession through city streets, flying red flags and banners and singing "Red Flag" songs; that there would be clashes with the police; that

Socialism, even Bolshevism, would be openly advocated; and that industries would be held up by strikes. All these things have come to pass. Undoubtedly there was urgent need for the amelioration of the conditions of the workers. Though continually urged on by fanatic agitators, Japanese workers have, however, never lost their heads, have no silly notions that their conditions are going to be changed to wealth and ease, and, above all, they remain patriotic. The workers are reluctant to hamper the trade to any serious effect, realising that capital and labour must work together to increase Japan's trade and ensure her progress and prosperity. Employers are also showing earnestness in endeavouring to create content among their employees.

It may not be generally known that there are great enterprises in Japan which for liberality of working conditions are quite equal to such famous workers' settlements as Lever's and Cadbury's in England, and the Eastman Kodak Company of America.

Here is an interesting instance. A great cotton-mill outside Tokyo employs some 3,000 people, men and women. The mill, which covers an area of several acres, is provided with the latest

machinery and equipment. The social and domestic sides of the settlement comprise fine recreation-grounds, a theatre, a cinema palace, and a hospital, dental surgery, and maternity wards with doctors and nursing staffs. There are churches, Christian and Buddhist. The grounds are laid out with pretty walks and gardens. There are stores where employees may buy all classes of goods at cost price. The hours of work are limited, allowing ample rest and recreation. Child labour—once as sad a feature in Japan as in England—is nowadays rarely allowed for any excessive work in big establishments, especially such as the settlements above described. The law forbids the exploitation of child labour. Every provision is made for schools and recreation. Details of this kind are not generally known, and in the propaganda directed against Japan are purposely concealed.

An exceedingly interesting feature in the modern progress of Japan is the closer, and yet freer, bond between the Throne and the people. The loyalty of the people to the royal family of Japan (still revered as of divine origin) might be compared to that of the British. From time to time attempts have been made on the lives of royalty. Quite recently the Crown Prince Regent was

shot at, but the whole nation mourns for such attempts.

The Emperor of Japan, though regarded as beyond criticism, is by no means a despot. Rather he may be counted as a constitutional sovereign, acting on the advice of ministers. The present Emperor is an invalid, incapable of duty; the Crown Prince, a learned, wise, and much-travelled man, has been Regent for some years. He is a consistent advocate of modern progress.

The Crown Prince is very popular. An example of all that is wise in royal conduct, he is a very strenuous worker. The visit of the Prince of Wales to Japan did much to break down many formal barriers between royalty and people, nor is it a secret that both Prince and people like the modern changes. The Crown Prince is keenly interested in all public and social affairs. He attends innumerable functions, visits industries, is constantly travelling to various cities and districts, taking the keenest interest in all classes. Once upon a time it was thought impossible in the sacred presence of Japanese royalty to have theatrical performances, *geisha* dancing, and other forms of amusement. Under no circumstances could royalty preside at such entertainments.

To-day royalty frequently gives its patronage and presence to plays, dances, wrestling, sports, and games. And in this last department the Crown Prince is keenly interested in golf.

How modern is the royal family in its touch with the people is shown in the following particulars. Up to a decade ago, when royalty progressed through the cities the people bowed low to the very earth, not daring to gaze upon the faces of Majesty. Even foreigners were ordered off the streets, the blinds of the houses had to be drawn, and anyone found peeping was promptly and severely dealt with. To-day crowds stand erect to welcome royalty, and *banzai* loudly; photographic snapshots are even permitted as the royal personages, bowing, smiling, saluting in most affable manner, flash by in smart, red-coloured cars. Seldom in these days does Japanese royalty go abroad guarded by lines of armed soldiers. Only on very special state occasions, when full ceremonial must be observed, are arms seen. There has sprung up a real affection between royalty and the people.

Once upon a time for newspapers to detail the movements, utterances, and doings, or take photographs, of royalty, would have been a crime

demanding the decapitation of editors, perhaps whole newspaper staffs. But in these days, exactly like British royalty, every publicity is given, and the slightest details are interesting to the people.

The royal family are leaders in modern progress, and in the Court are introducing many modern innovations. The Empress, on public and state occasions, dresses in the latest Parisian fashions, and is described as looking extremely smart. But, while many ladies of the Court follow her example, the picturesque Japanese kimono is not going out of fashion. The Japanese Court of olden times must have been very gorgeous, judging by the magnificent kimonos worn by the Court ladies, and samples of these costly costumes can be seen in glass cases in some of the big emporiums—or departmental stores, as they are called—and are the admiration of tourists. As an instance of royal modernness, the Crown Prince, since married, during the ceremonies of his engagement to the Princess Nagako-Kuni, presented her with an engagement-ring of gold and diamonds. The ring has now become fashionable, and every Japanese bride-elect is displaying the evidence of her intended marriage.

In no way apparent is the popularity of Japanese royalty on the wane. It is perhaps losing something of its "sacredness," as might be expected in the modern education of the people. On the other hand, becoming more constitutional, the monarchy is recognised as less open to corruption. There is no talk of a republic or any other form of government. As the Japanese say, "Like the British royal family, our royal family, better known to the people, becomes more beloved."

Chapter VI

JAPAN

The Japanese People

Impressions of the General Character—Vindictive Criticism and Wilful Misrepresentation—National Problems and their Effect on the National Character—The Menace of China and the Danger of Russia—The Fallacy of a Japanese Menace to Australia—Japanese Colonisation.

To the traveller the most interesting study in Japan is the Japanese people. The outstanding national characteristics are sobriety, industriousness, and politeness. They are, however, a much misunderstood and even grossly misrepresented people. Possibly this can be assigned to the difficulty of learning, or even moderately understanding, the language. This apparently does not prevent a mean and aggressive misinterpretation of the Japanese character by sections of other nations, out to deliberately malign the Japanese, and to suit spiteful opinions engendered through jealousy of the rise of the Japanese to

political and commercial importance in the world. The Japanese are accused of insincerity in friendship, cunning in government, and malicious insinuations are made attributing to them designs of conquering Asia, and the overthrow of foreign influences. Their advance in Western civilisation is presented as a mere veneer to hide the real and savage Japanese.

A quarter of a century ago nations were not keenly concerned in Japan beyond the extension of trade, until they were startled into an intense interest by the defeat of the Russians at the hands of the Japanese. The Russians at the time were considered one of the world's greatest military powers, but the war proved them to be white-ant-eaten with the rottenness of moral degeneracy. The Japanese conquest compelled the nations to the prompt recognition of a new political power, and a fear possessed them when it was discovered that the Japanese were ready to compete with the world in trade.

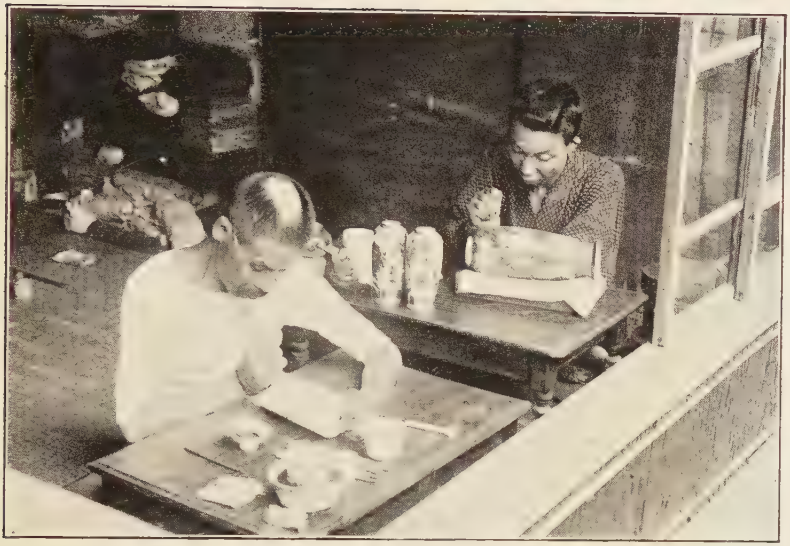
Though naturally proud of victory there was nothing to show that the Japanese were inclined in any way to be aggressive to nations with which they were on friendly terms. But it was disconcerting that an Asiatic race should rise to prominence, especially on the foundation of

the humiliation of a Western power, and a great one at that. The position was rendered doubly bitter by the fact that Russia forced Japan into war, and then failed ignominiously. The condition was aggravated by the unexpectedness of the charge. At the outbreak of the war Japan was more or less under the direction of foreign powers exercising an interfering influence in Japanese politics and trade. This tutelage was suddenly brought to an end. The outcome of the war gave Japan a recognised position in the Orient, and as a consequence lessened the prestige of other nations, long accustomed to command and control in the Orient without fear of contradiction.

Anyone visiting Japan with an open, unbiased mind, cannot fail to be convinced that the Japanese are not an aggressive or militant people. They are denounced as such only through the vindictive misrepresentation of a section of foreigners living in Japan, disgruntled at the loss of commercial influence. There is no gainsaying the fact that the Japanese have made an astonishing commercial progress. They have become competitors as well as customers, and have exhibited a shrewdness in dealing not altogether satisfactory to foreign traders. This progress

has been made manifest to all nations, and the Japanese have shown that they are now competent to manage their own affairs, commercially and otherwise. This has meant that many foreigners have had to look for new trade fields and new jobs. The exploitation of the Japanese people, which was endured for many a year, is now at an end. The Japanese are carrying on for themselves, Japanese shipping copes with Japanese trade, Japanese firms are supplanting in business foreign firms, Japanese managers and workers are proving themselves as competent and skilful as the foreign. That an Asiatic people should assume this independence is chiefly the reason of the propaganda against Japan's political importance, and the vilification of the Japanese character.

Many conditions point to the fact that the Japanese are a commercial rather than a militant people. The present-day national problems and the way they are being faced furnish proof in this direction. The Japanese are determined to reach a high standard in commercial development, and the people are bending their energies in this direction. Neither foreign settlement nor enterprise are prohibited, but, in accordance with modern tendencies, the freedom of the



JAPANESE CRAFTSMEN

GIRL SELLING POTTERY

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nation is protected from commercial exploitation. To-day there are many instances in which foreigners and Japanese are conjointly interested in enterprises, and perfect harmony of management exists. Commercial prosperity and its continuance depends much on the friendship of other nations. Japan is a land of moderate resources, and the products necessary for food and industries must be brought from many nations. The food problem is ever insistent and serious. Rice, the staple food, can be cultivated locally only much below the requirements of the nation, and annually thousands of tons have to be imported. The rapid increase of population, verging on a million a year, adds to the intensity of the food problem. Also it creates the migration problem. It may come as a surprise to many to learn that the Japanese authorities have the greatest difficulty in persuading their people to even settle and colonise Japan's territories, such as Korea, Formosa, and their islands in the South Pacific. A great fuss is made over the fear that numbers of Japanese are attempting to settle in America, Australia, China, and other parts of the globe. Yet, when the figures are studied, it is surprising to find the small number leaving Japan every year for

other countries, and especially when compared with the greater numbers of foreigners pouring into the lands of the Orient. Out of sixty-five millions of Japanese, much less than half a million are living and travelling abroad, and in all Australasia there are not 5,000, whereas the foreign resident population in Oriental lands is well over half a million, and this is annually augmented by tourists and travellers to the extent of another quarter of a million.

Two problems demanding constant vigilance and the utmost diplomatic tactfulness of the Japanese Government are: first, the relations with China, the next-door neighbour, now in a condition of chaos; and the second, the grave danger from Russia in the possibility of the spread of Sovietism in the Orient. Japan has advanced so far in Western ideals, is commanding and building up a great trade, has brought government to high and progressive standards, is energetically uplifting her people, and stimulating her colonies, that any upheaval in China would promptly spell ruin. For her own safety Japan is compelled to be interested in the affairs of China. In the growing friendship of the two nations Japan is showing fine ability in assisting, not in interfering with, Chinese affairs. The danger from Russia

lies in the possibility of that nation stirring China into revolt against foreign intervention even in trade. Japan recently entered into a treaty with Russia, on a commercial more than a political basis, in the hope of diverting Soviet Government ideals into the channels of commerce, and thus checking the spread of Bolshevism. Until Russia and China can be restored from chaos to a normal condition, the peace of the world is endangered, and Japan stands to suffer the brunt of any upheaval. While problems of this class remain unsolved, Japan can hardly be accused of making preparation to launch her soldiers and sailors against other nations, when there is so much need to ensure national safety by keeping them at home.

While these serious issues monopolise attention, Australia's fears would seem to be imaginary. Foreigners, including Australians and particularly those living for many years in Japan, are quite at a loss to understand how the idea of Japanese menace to Australia originated. Travelling through Japan there is absolutely nothing to be seen, heard, or read indicating that the Japanese people are in any way concerned about Australia. To millions Australia is utterly unknown, or merely a name ; to millions Australia is a far-away

country, part of the British Empire; to the few Australia is a resourceful land that it is worth the while of the Japanese to trade with. At no time has the Japanese Government ever discussed the subject of Australia in an unfriendly way; indeed, it is, as prominent foreigners maintain, as little concerned with the Commonwealth as it is with Mexico. The Japanese have an intense admiration for the British and everything that is British, framing laws on British ideals, and modelling institutions on those of Britain. Under these circumstances it can hardly be imputed that the Japanese are likely to be aggressive and unfriendly to any section of the Empire. The "White Australia" policy is not agreeable to the Japanese. They are a proud race, and hold strongly to their claim to racial equality, but they are not considering any invasion of Australia because Australian immigration laws are against them. Japanese papers at times refer, always in a dignified manner, to the suspicions of the Australian Press, but never is there a word of revenge or threat. The fear of a Japanese menace is based only on the fact that in Australia we have a handful of people, in possession of one of the richest lands of the earth, doing little either to populate or develop it. If there is any dread

of the future it will be born of the aggressiveness of the Australians, and Australian indifference to the potentialities of Australia. The fault will lie not with the Japanese, but with the Australians. When there are fifty millions of Australians, and Australian trade has increased a millionfold, little will be heard of a Japanese menace.

The Japanese are commendably striving to bring prosperity to their various colonial possessions, and mainly through the native inhabitants. Australian fears should be calmed by the fact that, while Japanese settlers would be welcomed to these possessions to aid and assure progress, the Government is not forcing this immigration. The increases of Japanese in the Caroline and Marshall groups are so meagre that the Japanese officials and settlers can be counted only in hundreds rather than thousands.

In the way of building up their colonies the Japanese have been so successfully progressive that they now rank with the British and Americans. They have been censured for their treatment of the Koreans. Yet in the whole history of Korea the people have never been so protected, progressive, and prosperous as they are to-day, conditions substantially indicated in the rapid increase of the Korean population. Under Japanese

guidance and through Japanese capital Korea is being developed. There are fine modern cities, railways traverse the land, trade is established on permanent and progressive lines. Until the Japanese acquired the rich island of Formosa, it had no commercial importance whatever. Again Japanese guidance and capital have wrought wonders, and the native people, wretched, poor, and unprogressive, have become energetic and prosperous. And so with the Caroline and the Marshall groups; the native races are being taught commercial usefulness; administration is conducted on a humane and practical basis.

When the League of Nations demands an account of the stewardship of the Japanese there will be found little to cavil at.

Chapter VII

JAPAN

Details of Japanese Life

The Politeness of the People—Modern Manners as regards Women—"The Castle of Politeness"—Home and Family Life—A Japanese Meal—Theatres and Picture Shows—Japanese Morals.

The Japanese are an extremely affable and polite people. They have an ease and grace of politeness that is charming and picturesque. People aggressive to the Japanese affect to see in their politeness an artificial accomplishment for the purpose of impressing yet deceiving. This can hardly be the case, for among the Japanese themselves politeness is studiously careful and consistent. The coolie bows and smiles to his fellow-coolie; the citizen bows and doffs his hat to the policeman; the president of a bank is punctilious to his clerks; and it is said that the Crown Prince is the soul of

affability to his retinue. In no country in the world does politeness bring all classes more closely together than in Japan. The coolie may address his employer in an easy unbashful manner and yet show that he has full regard for the difference in rank.

When the Japanese meet in the street, the train, the car, the house, they smile and bow, and the Japanese bow is not a curt, graceless nod of the head, but a low bending of the body, a full, genuine, and courtly bow. When men and women meet they bow profusely. In these days of European dress, young men remove their hats with a graceful sweeping action that would do infinite credit to the most gallant and polite of Frenchmen.

With the progress of modern conditions in Japan the status of women has materially improved. In former days men would bow to women, but little heed was given to their comfort. To escort a woman, or take her to lunch, or sit by her side in a carriage, were courtesies seldom offered ; women in the gentleness of their nature, submissive to men in every way, would accept neglect without a murmur ; it simply was not the custom of the times. To-day courtesies to women are common, in fact the better educated

WOMEN AND CHILDREN, YOKOHAMA

CHILDREN AND NURSE ON TEMPLE STEPS, YOKOHAMA

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men are somewhat precise in their attentions. Japanese gentlemen delight in the presence of ladies at public functions, they are keen critics of their styles of dress, and the Japanese lover now walks his lady out in the most approved Western style, gives her his arm, and is most assiduous in waiting upon her.

A visit to a Japanese home, "the castle of politeness" it might aptly be described, is one of the best means of judging the charm and genuineness of Japanese politeness and hospitality. The lady of the house, a dainty little person, brightly kimonoed, will greet her guest at the front door, bowing down to the very floor, expressing her delight in the "honour and happiness" the guest is conferring by entering her humble home. She will kneel and insist upon taking the guest's shoes off, thus attesting how genuine is her welcome, her husband and children declaring the visit will for evermore be treasured among the records of the family. The guest will be ushered into the receiving room, so small that it seems little more than a cupboard, and will be invited to don Japanese dress. The host will throw open the family wardrobe, displaying layers of beautiful kimonos, most neatly arranged. A set will be chosen and donned; the experience

of robing is pleasing and amusing, and the advantage is found when reclining on the floor among the cushions. The wife, meanwhile, is preparing "the cup of tea of welcome," an indispensable Japanese custom, signifying that the family greets the guest as a friend and begs that he will make himself thoroughly at home; it is his home to command in any way for the time of his visit.

There is a like custom in the "cup of tea of dismissal." This is a peculiar brew, quite refreshing and palatable, presented just before the departure of the guest. The custom is understood to convey to a disagreeable guest that his room will be much better appreciated than his company, and so if he is wise he makes his *congé* and goes, amid a flourish of politeness, if not regrets.

Family life in Japan, among the educated classes especially, is seldom disturbed by unseemly squabbling. Jealousy is unknown. When incompatibility of temper or any other cause brings about domestic unhappiness to the degree of unfitness for living together, divorce is decided upon; but it is very rare if there are any children. In olden times divorce was a matter of mutual consent. Nowadays the courts deal with conjugal

infelicity, but society is not entertained by newspaper accounts of cases. Japanese family life is one of simplicity and affection. A husband delights to extol his wife's accomplishments, his children's talents, and wife and children gather around him in mute but deep assurance of his wisdom and the power of his protection.

The Japanese have a very pretty custom in names. The choice is a matter of serious consideration, and a name is not given to an infant on account of the father or mother, a friend or relation, but of some incident of its birth, the season of the year, the flowers in bloom, the place where the child was born, or an event of public importance. A boy might be "Ryo," meaning "good," or "Fuji" meaning "brave." A girl might be called "Teru," meaning "shining," or "Tamee," meaning "Bay of Jewels," or "Yayoi," meaning "early spring."

There is an interesting tradition affecting character, grouping the years in cycles of twelve periods denoted by animals, not unlike the Western zodiacal signs. This goes in the order of the Rat, Ox, Tiger, Hare, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Cock, Dog, Boar. It is all pure superstition, but holds a strong spell over many

people. A child born in the "Monkey" year is supposed to acquire the characteristics of that animal, to be clever, but not in a noble way. A woman born in the "Tiger" year will be unwelcome as a wife, she will have a sullen temper, and may destroy her husband. A man or woman of the "Snake" year will be sly and crafty, not to be trusted. Children born in the "Boar" year will be energetic, but, like the boar, they will grunt and complain too much as they go through life. While bad characteristics go with every year, there are good ones as well. A woman of the "Snake" year will surely be beautiful, prove attractive to men, and will secure a rich husband; but he will need to watch her closely and by his wisdom help her to keep under control her "snaky" or bad proclivities.

A meal in a Japanese house is rather a lengthy affair. It takes time and much will-power for a stranger to become accustomed to Japanese dishes and cooking, though in these modern days the Japanese are very quickly learning of many Western foods and dishes, how to prepare, cook, and serve them. A small round table, little more than nine inches in height, is placed before the guest, the host possibly sharing the meal, while

the hostess, though she may have a maid, will insist upon waiting at the table. No maid's aid or presence is good enough in waiting upon a guest in a Japanese home. The hostess wishes to show in every way she can how much she appreciates the presence and company of her guest. Nothing ever goes amiss in the serving of a meal; it would be nothing less than a hideous breach of politeness if the least mistake or mishap took place.

The hostess superintends every detail before the meal to assure herself that every dish is in perfect order, and of just the right heat or coldness to be completely satisfactory to the guest. A husband would soundly rate or chide his wife if there were the slightest fault in her housekeeping when a guest is present, and no dutiful Japanese wife could under any circumstances be guilty of neglecting the slightest arrangement or detail. The table is laden with innumerable small and pretty bowls containing rice, soup, vegetables, fish, sauces, cakes, confectionery, and fruit, and often fowl or meat will be served. *Sake*, rice wine, is constantly served throughout the meal in tiny liqueur glasses or in dainty bowls little larger than thimbles. The guest is expected to drink freely. The drink is very palatable when

it is served hot, as it is mostly at meals, but is extremely intoxicating when taken cold; and only seasoned stomachs can partake of more than one or two bowls of it.

At every table of Japan, and at every meal, grilled eel is the principal dish. A famous sage of hundreds of years ago declared the eating of eels produced wisdom and long life. Eel grilled to a turn is presented in small pieces on long wooden skewers, and is brought to the table in a red lacquer box, in which are red coals to keep the grill quite hot. The eel is dipped in various sauces and eaten from the skewers. A series of chopsticks is part of the equipment of the table, but in modern Japanese homes knives and forks are coming into general use.

Beef and mutton are becoming popular with the Japanese, but cattle and sheep are scarce in Oriental lands, and so far there have been no promising or definite efforts made to export meat to Japan. Meat is a costly luxury, but it is quite a mistake to suppose, as many people do, that the peoples of the Orient are not meat-eaters. It is simply that they are unable to get quantities, and so they must subsist upon the foods easily and cheaply obtained, rice, fish, and vegetables.

As the Japanese gain in Western civilisation, become educated and travel, they take readily to meat. Go to any of the big hotels in Japan, and you cannot help noticing the large quantities of meat eaten by the Japanese men and women. How the desire for meat food is growing can be judged by the fact that ten years ago there was not such an establishment as a butcher's shop, and now they can be counted in dozens in all the cities. But the supply of meat is limited and the price, four to five shillings a pound, is prohibitive. Enterprising Japanese firms are rapidly building cold storage stores in the big cities and gradually developing an import trade in meat. No country has better opportunity of getting the entire trade than Australia, but lack of enterprise is allowing the chance to go to Canada and America, though they are so much farther away. As the demand for meat increases in the countries of the Orient, particularly Japan, the greater the trade must be with overseas countries, for the climatic conditions and pastures of the Orient are not suitable for sheep and cattle rearing in any extensive way.

Beer, mostly lager, is becoming popular with the Japanese, and an excellent lager is locally made which, being cheap, is commanding great

sales. Japanese who have travelled in Western countries drink whiskey and other spirits, also wines and various beverages, but the untravelled Japanese know little of these. Unfortunately the law of Japan is not concerned in protecting the people from harmful drinks, and enterprising Japanese firms have taken to making whiskey of the most vile nature and very injurious. Unfortunately, too, some firms did not mind copying the labels of well-known British and American brands, and the deception was discovered only when the product was offered for sale in hotels patronised by Western people. Action was taken, and the local stuff is now confined to small restaurants frequented by the Japanese of the lower classes. Investigation of the frauds led to many disclosures. A popular "Scotch" brand of whiskey was so genuine in general appearance that one might be easily deceived; it was only the awful taste and effect that brought out the fraud. Examination showed the word "Scotland" spelled "Scoatland," and at the bottom of the label, in tiny letters, easily missed if not scrutinised carefully, was the request to "Please destroy bottle and label after consumption of whiskey."

The Japanese do not attempt to make wines,

but they are skilled in concocting light beverages which the Western taste does not reject.

A Japanese house of the old style is usually small, low, and divided by many sliding walls of very thin wood, thus allowing for one or two big rooms or several small ones. The walls and floors are neatly matted and the whole house is spotlessly clean. It may be said that cleanliness is a very decided virtue of the Japanese, even with the lower classes, and in this respect there are few Western nations to compare with them.

Spring-cleanings are quite common occurrences, and police regulations demand at least three to four a year. During these cleanings towns seem in a state of upheaval, as if the inhabitants were contemplating flight or migration. Streets and footpaths are piled high with the belongings of the families, while the houses undergo a vigorous sweeping, hosing, and scrubbing and disinfecting, the police supervising and insisting upon the destruction of everything unnecessary and unwholesome. Rubbish in and about a Japanese house is prohibited. This wise precaution is no doubt responsible for the fact that, closely packed as are Japanese homes, epidemics are very rare. Japanese doctors, whose diplomas, by the way, are

up to the same high standard as the British, are very vigilant concerning the public health. The authorities are promptly warned of the possibility of epidemics, and in no country of the wide world are epidemics more quickly controlled than in Japan. Owing to the eating of fish as one of the main foods of the people, at times there are outbreaks of cholera. With magic speed the whole industry of fishing, with all sources and means of distribution, are controlled promptly by the health authorities, and cholera seldom rages for more than a day or two. Here comes in another evidence of the growing demand for meat food. The health authorities are continually urging the people to consume more meat.

In the houses of well-to-do Japanese, Western furniture is coming into vogue, but with the bulk of the people Japanese habits, such as squatting tailor-fashion with legs bent under the body on the floor, still remain, and the practice is common even among those who have become accustomed to Western furniture, chairs, and beds. In the easiest and most natural manner the Japanese women as well as men can squat upon the floor, but Westerners display an awkwardness which is undignified and amusing. It is only by

MODERN SECTION OF OSAKA

JAPANESE CHILD NURSED IN MODERN STYLE

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constant practice that comfort, and the right way to sit and get up, can be attained. The habit must begin from early childhood. In many homes cushions are in use as a modern novelty to suit guests from other countries. Other modern innovations are electric light and heaters, and gas-stoves. Japanese houses are cold in the winter and artificial heating is coming into general use. In the olden days a shallow brass coal urn was let into the floor of a room, and around this the family assembled for warmth. This method, however, is now condemned, as the municipal authorities regard the urns as a prolific cause of fires. A fire in a Japanese suburb is something to be dreaded, for the wooden houses are quickly alight, and, being so close together, the fire spreads with appalling rapidity until vast areas may be wiped out.

In sanitary matters the nation is becoming modernised, and in the closely populated suburbs of the big cities the most drastic regulations are enforced to keep conditions wholesome. Here we find another reason for the absence of epidemics. Nevertheless, to the Western mind, conditions are not yet perfect ; but it is expected in the next decade or so sewerage systems will be installed in all cities and populous settlements. The Japanese

are fond of bathing, and proper baths are being placed in the houses. The family tub, in which in olden times—so travellers of those days have reported—father, mother, and children disported themselves in the most open and unabashed fashion, is obsolete, nor are the great public baths of the cities, where the sexes bathed promiscuously and without costumes, continued. Nowadays mixed bathing may be seen only at the seaside, and costumes are compulsory.

The Japanese are fond of theatrical performances, *geisha* dancing, wrestling exhibitions, and numerous other forms of public amusements. The picture show has caught on extraordinarily, as in most other countries of the world, and there is not a tiny village but now has its cinema show at least once a week.

In the big cities and ports whole streets are given up to places of amusement, brilliantly illuminated at night, and thronged to the early hours of the morning, the din of musical instruments, gramophones, and drums being amazing. Japanese theatrical performances in the old style are not interesting to Western people. There is much elaborate dressing, but very little acting; much explanation intoned by a chorus which, not being understood, leaves one doubtful as to

whether tragedy or comedy is being enacted by the actors, who trip on and off the stage in a laughable manner, fiercely gesticulating and haranguing, with much flourishing of swords. In these performances men play the parts of women, and, by adopting a squeakiness of voice, endeavour to convey the impression of sex, not always successfully. According to tradition, women were not allowed to appear on a public stage, but here again modern conditions have altered custom, and to-day there are noted Japanese actresses. One lady who has appeared in opera is termed the " Japanese Melba." She is a very popular person, often making her appearance at the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo, which the greatest and highest in society patronise, the gentlemen in perfectly fitting Western evening suits and the ladies either in the latest Paris fashions, or the most brilliant of kimonos, jewellery being lavishly displayed. In the last few years a Japanese actor has been appearing in what are termed modern Japanese plays and dramas, following modern conditions and copied from Western ideas. This actor adopts the most ingenuous methods of advertising. At one time it is reported he has been kidnapped by jealous actors, at another he is haunted by some evil spirit and has to be closely

guarded. Then again it is reported that some demon woman is on his tracks to destroy his beauty, for he is well advertised as being exceedingly handsome; while his love-affairs are much discussed, and stories, all fictitious, of course, stimulate the public interest, and the actor draws full houses, more out of curiosity to see him than to be impressed by any particular histrionic abilities When he goes to the theatre at night there is either a triumphant procession through the streets, or he is smuggled in and guarded against some vague impending mishap, both methods very effectively exciting the crowd.

Geisha dancing is popular. The more correct description would be "posturing" instead of dancing. It is perfectly wonderful how graceful the Japanese *geisha* can be, and how to any mind they can convey by actions and postures what is sad or gay. It is also marvellous the meanings the *geisha* can convey in using a fan. During the visit of the great Russian dancer, Pavlova, to Japan in 1923 this lady and her troupe devoted every spare moment to learning Japanese posturing, generally recognised as the perfection of gracefulness. Amazingly beautiful as was the dancing of this great artist, her attempts for a considerable time to throw ease

and grace into posturing on Japanese lines were a remarkable failure, and she is said to have remarked : " It would take years to conquer the accomplishment to the same fine degree as the *geisha*." *Geisha* robe in the most gorgeous yet artistic manner, but when they sing—and egregiously unmusical are their notes and songs —they dispel much of the artistic effect that usually surrounds them.

Cinema shows are very numerous and many of the picture palaces are huge in size and gaudy in adornment. The class of picture is not very high in standard, and it would seem that the American cinema firms, taking advantage of Japanese ignorance of the sordid social conditions of sections of American life, send to Japan the greatest lot of film " tripe," such as would not be tolerated in other countries. The Japanese, however, are awakening to this exploitation, and censoring is being vigorously conducted. Japanese picture palaces have much to commend them for comfort, one special feature being the absence of noise of the heavy boots of patrons entering and leaving. At the ticket office of the big palaces usually frequented by tourists each patron is handed a pair of silk felt-soled slippers, and as people enter and leave

not a sound is heard which might interrupt the lecturers. Most shows have lecturers explaining the pictures as they pass on the screen. The outside of a Japanese picture theatre is certainly very attractive, and the painted pictorial advertisements done by Japanese artists are as weird as they are vivid in colouring and exaggerated in style, action, and details. Charlie Chaplin is a great favourite with Japanese cinema audiences, but the Japanese artists depict him in advertisements in ways that would surely make Charlie's hair stand on end.

Much has been said and written of Japanese morals. So many romances have been framed around the life of the *geisha* and tea-house girls, all stressing the low standard of Japanese morals, so that the nation has come to be classed as "unmoral." Undoubtedly it is upon this aspect those aggressive to the Japanese have depended in their misrepresentation of the national character. The Japanese as a race have been presented as the embodiment of moral callousness, and the Japanese authorities shown as brazen in the methods by which they countenance sexual vice. It is a matter of plain fact, and one that any fair-minded visitor to Japan must

STREET OF THEATRES AND PICTURE SHOWS, YOKOHAMA

STREET CLEANERS, YOKOHAMA

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admit, that the Japanese maintain a better control over public morals than any other people in the world. One may walk from end to end of the big cities, where vice is supposed to be rampant, and never be accosted by a prostitute, "square or regular," as they are termed in other countries. Men may be met in the streets, touts for houses of prostitution, but they are wary to keep their nefarious business from the police. Again, while prostitution in the cities of Tokyo, Osaka, and Yokohama is confined to regulation areas, "little garden cities," within the cities, such as the Yoshiwara in Tokyo, with police, doctors, hospitals, and complete strict management, these places are entirely free from criminals and dissociated from riot, drunkenness, and robbery. The truth is that the Japanese authorities have faced the matter of morals in a broad and bold manner. Unlike other nations, who have preferred to act in a squeamish and insincere spirit, Japan is reaping the benefit in a sexually clean people. It is an open fact that sexual diseases are by no means as common among the Japanese as they are in most Western nations. There are aspects of the licensed houses which shock Western ideals. It is supposed that girls are in a sense "caged" ready to be

sold and used for vice to any bidder, and that once a girl has bound herself to the life it is her master, not herself, that has any will in her actions or share in her profits. True, tourists may walk through the Yoshiwara, and No. 9 of Yokohama, and see the girls in small open sleeping apartments, preparing their food or at their toilet, but no longer does the law allow any master to use and abuse the girls at will. The Japanese prostitute is protected from disease, her earnings are safeguarded, she cannot be ill-treated, and she may walk out of her quarters unquestioned when she so wills. While Westerners are prone to censure Japanese ideals of morals, it would be as well for them to learn the facts, and then consider the shortcomings of their own or any Western nation. Japanese ideals might not suffer in comparison. Another fact to be taken into account is that if prostitution has become commercialised in Japan it is largely due to the demand made by men of Western nations, many of whom do not hesitate to be less circumspect than in their homelands. Whatever may have happened in Japan in the old days, when it is said parents sold their girls to prostitution, nothing of that kind happens in these enlightened days, and even in this

GEISHA GIRLS

FISH BARGE AND BASKETS, YOKOHAMA

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connection those who so readily condemn would do well to consider the morals of Western nations in days of long ago.

Women nowadays cannot be forced into degradation, and the woman who voluntarily forgoes her virtue soon learns that the Japanese proverb comes true: "Once get into dirty water and you will never be washed clean." How true this is can be witnessed in the disgust of the coolie's wife as she steps aside, averts her head, and draws up her kimono as the tea-house girl of easy virtue passes on her way, proclaiming by her dress, as custom demands, her calling, which by law she dare not advertise by solicitation in any open form.

It is very ignorantly supposed the word *geisha* signifies "prostitute," or at least that every *geisha* is more or less one; but nothing could be further from the fact. There are good and bad *geisha*, just as there are good and bad women in every country of the world. There are *geisha*, ladies of high education and accomplishments, there are *geisha* not so fortunate; but, in either class, not all are necessarily immoral.

Japan is diligently striving to solve the problem

of social vice. It is altogether unjust that where they have done so much, and more than most nations, they should be singled out for malignant criticism.

The Japanese are a people of Spartan characteristics; they may be misunderstood purposely or through ignorance, but, understood or misunderstood, appreciated or not, they have, by their intelligence and industry, brought themselves to be a power in the world.

Chapter VIII

CHINA

National Conditions

Chaotic National Conditions — Republic Government — Old Customs and the Awakening to Western Ways — British Influence — Foreign Trade and Interests — Australia's Opportunity.

In contrast with the vigorous progressiveness of Japan the chaotic national conditions that prevail in China are the more deeply impressive. Outside the Treaty Ports, where foreign trade and enterprise exhibit remarkable energy, China appears to be a nation without government or ambition. Of its estimated four hundred millions of people scarcely more than a million, or perhaps two, are alive to the value of modern conditions. Having no education, no hopes, no ambitions, their thoughts and aims are centred on the cultivation of a sufficiency of food to live on, the procuring of clothing to protect their

bodies from the elements, and the erection of mean habitations in which to dwell. A desultory kind of trade is carried on, but there are no national industries of particular importance; religion and education are almost neglected; art, science, literature, as far as the general body of the people are concerned, are practically unknown. The people are split up into numerous factions; racial prejudices are rife; there is a lack of national coherence; and there is no stability of government to weld them into anything which would yield national progress and power. What government there is, though recognised by the nations of the world, is carried on in a haphazard fashion and is absolutely ineffective, bankrupt, and financially discredited. Its laws are rendered futile by the indifference of the bulk of the people. Its civil administration is corrupt and it possesses no military authority. Such commerce as is of value is in the hands of foreign nations, who control the main forces of revenue; and the hope of the salvation of the nation in the future is really dependent on the assistance which may be obtained from outside sources.

In this condition of chaos the one gleam of hope may be found in the growing appreciation

by the Chinese of the advantages of Western civilisation. Every year thousands of Chinese are awakening to the urgent necessity of permanent and progressive government. The section known as the "modern" Chinese, with the slogan of "China for the Chinese," educated in Western countries, interested in Western trade and industries, is the part of the community which, small as it is, is out to arouse China from its general lethargy by so educating the people to the value of Western conditions and trade as to make China a virile nation. Such were the ideals of the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, and he has left a band of energetic followers and workers who slowly but surely are bringing about a much needed change of thought in China.

Foreign influences are largely due to the general inertia of the nation, but this intrusion has been a blessing in disguise. By this means has been created a great world trade; many profitable industries have been established, and the rich and varied resources of the country have to some extent been developed, while employment has been given to hundreds of thousands of Chinese. It is the enterprise of foreign nations that supports the progressive efforts of the modern Chinese

and affords hope for the regeneration of China. The task is admittedly a stupendous one, and many generations may come and go before China as a whole will be eligible to rank in government, influence, and trade with other nations. In the meantime the modern element will give some sense of security to what is described as the awakening of China. While this element is favourable to foreign trade, it is, however, unfortunately obsessed with an exaggerated idea of its own capability. It believes that it can establish and control Chinese development on its own initiative. To the onlooker it would seem that the only possible useful government would be one set up by the foreign nations on Western lines, to be maintained by them while the Chinese are trained until they are considered competent to undertake complete control. Though suspicion is cast upon the *bona fides* of the foreign nations in China, who are accused of secretly endeavouring to exploit the Chinese, there are many evidences that the chief nations—Britain, America, France, and Japan—are genuinely desirous to "place China on its feet," to aid in making the nation progressive and a factor assuring peace in the world. The proofs of the honesty of purpose of the nations may be found in the continued liberal financing

of China's present Government, unstable as it is. Indemnities also are being forfeited and treaties cancelled that in any way may appear to hamper the national progress. Towns, ports, and concession areas are being returned to the management of the Chinese Government; revenue sources, such as the Customs, railways, and post office, are gradually passing under the full control of Chinese officials. In short, foreign influence is being used to give every possible opportunity to the Chinese to emerge from their sluggishness and show their ability to act sanely and progressively.

The nations are fully aware of the risk that is being taken, for the bulk of the people are steeped in ignorance, and under the present uncertain republican administration there is little expectation of improvement.

When, some years ago, Imperial rule came to an end in China, as the result of civil war, and the Manchu Emperor, an unimpressive youth, stood down to give place to the President of a Republic, great hopes were entertained, not only by the modern Chinese, but by the various nations, that progressive administration would be inaugurated, and so bring new life to the nation. These hopes have not been fulfilled. Republican government

so far has been a failure. Presidents and ministers have come and gone with remarkable frequency. Intrigue, bribery, and corruption remain, as before, the chief characteristics of government. The President is a mere nonentity, and ministers are more often found enriching themselves from the revenues than encouraging their increase and soundness. Officials, never sure of their salaries, "squeeze" money in all sorts of ways out of the people. Generals of the army and admirals of the navy help themselves to revenues, flout orders, and are just as ready to take up arms against the Republic as to fight and chase the tens of thousands of bandits—unpaid soldiery—that flood the country, robbing and raiding into the very heart of the foreign settlements. The glimmer of hope for the future is to be found in the efforts made by the "modern" Chinese, with the aid of foreign support, to get the Government into the hands of Chinese who have some Western education, and are likely to break away from old customs and encourage modern methods. It is not to be expected that the Chinese, any more than have the Japanese, will lose thereby their national individuality. It is in the Treaty Ports, and the cities and districts within the reach of foreign influence, that real progress is noticeable. The

modern Chinese are keen for railways, for motor-transport, the making of roads, and the establishment of banks and warehouses and businesses of every kind. Flour, cotton, and woollen mills, shipbuilding yards, engineering works, electric light, sewerage, water systems, are becoming common in these areas. The Chinese, influenced by these requirements, want Western foods, clothing, education, occupations, accomplishments, sports, and amusements. They are qualifying on Western standards as doctors, lawyers, bankers, and teachers, and are displaying wonderful ability. Modern Chinese women are being emancipated from the slavish position and customs of olden times. They, too, are keen for Western conditions, though, like their Japanese sisters, they are not taking too readily to Western fashions in dress. Millions of Chinese still adhere to the "pigtail," despite a republican law forbidding it, while modern Chinese regard the strange appendage as silly and unhygienic. Many Chinese ladies are still to be seen with crushed and crippled feet, once thought a feature of beauty; but the modern lady wears stockings, boots, and shoes of Western fashion, and is not ashamed of a foot of some dimensions, on which she can walk fairly and squarely. Sheer poverty compels millions

of Chinese to subsist mainly on herbs and rice. The modern Chinese eat meat, bread, butter, sugar, and jams, and use knives, forks, and spoons. Chopsticks are looked upon as relics of barbarism. Old-time Chinese gentlemen declared their vanity in finger-nails six to twelve and more inches long, curved and curled to a nicety; but the modern Chinese gentlemen, as one expressed it, "cannot understand how some men can be such egregious asses in having nails neither useful nor ornamental." In most parts of China, but mainly in those beyond the reach of foreign influence, men and women are publicly decapitated for the most trivial offences. Recently in Canton, a city boasting modern conditions, a sergeant and policeman were publicly beheaded for the theft of a sum of money equal to about £2. Modern Chinese regard this with special horror; they write letters to the Chinese and foreign papers demanding to know whether the Chinese are a civilised people or savages.

Chinese cities without exception are unsavoury, as sanitation is quite unknown. "Under the eye" of the foreigners, and the efforts of the modern Chinese municipality, cities are being reformed; the walls that enclosed them are being

demolished, streets are being widened, habitations are modernised in space, airiness, and furniture; the municipalities insist on sanitary conditions, and epidemics of various diseases once rife are nowadays very infrequent. The modern Chinese preach, talk, and write trade, peace, and national progress. As an off-set there is a militant section, calling themselves modern, but devoting life to unmeaning and endless civil war. It is said that for over two thousand years China has had civil war in some form or another. In the early times personal ambition declared itself in displacing emperors and creating new dynasties. Nowadays it turns to overthrowing presidents and administrations, forming new governments, monarchist or otherwise, and in fighting for no legitimate reasons. Fighting is truly a business more than anything else, its purpose being to seize revenues and obtain the power to loot and tax the people. Generals—*tuchuns*, as they are named—coolies possibly one day and generals the next, are ever coming forward with diverse schemes for the salvation of China. Just as a matter of course, opposing generals and armies arise, skirmishing begins—there is seldom a straightly fought battle—the war zones are laid waste, the unfortunate inhabitants taxed, robbed, and slaughtered.

Fighting is carried on during the warm summer months, when natural conditions are more comfortable, but with the coming of the long, bitter winter the armies encamp; the generals and officers, with staffs and harems, boxes of loot, and stolen revenue, repair to the big, gay cities, such as Hong-Kong and Shanghai, and there have a glorious time, living on the best, in the meantime keeping up an argument so as to ensure sufficient publicity in the papers and gain interest and sympathy for the causes in dispute. When cash runs out orders are sent to the armies to prepare for further fighting, which will begin with stage-managed precision the moment the various generals arrive on the scene of action chosen. Chinese generals and officers are very partial to uniforms; gold braid is very plentiful, and the swank of these militant folk is not to be equalled by any officers of any army of the world. The soldiers, usually well clad, booted, and armed, are rarely paid, and, while their officers are enjoying a high old time in the cities, they resort to brigandage, occasionally extending operations to the holding up of the railways in foreign areas, seizing foreign passengers, and holding them at heavy ransom. The Republic is then called upon to effect a recapture of the foreigners or else incur the

CHINESE OFFICER AND SOLDIER

MILITARY OFFICERS, N. CHINA

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displeasure of the foreign Governments. Complications of this kind bring ridicule on the Republic as having no army of any strength ; it finds itself unable to cope with the difficulty, the brigands often capturing the soldiers sent to coerce them. Seeing China in this chaotic state, it is hard to realise that once it stood foremost among nations in trade, art, science, and discovery.

Undoubtedly foreign influence will play a conspicuous part in saving China, and in its rehabilitation to national affluence. No influence is better, greater, or more popular with the Chinese than that of the British.

The opening of China to the trade of the world, the development of her resources, the enterprise in forming industries, the uplifting of the people by trade, industries, and employment, are due to foreign influence, especially British. There have been occasions when China felt the powerful hand of Britain and doubted her intentions, but there is no doubt British intrusion into China has brought the Chinese many material benefits, and to-day the Chinese, modern or otherwise, respect and trust the British. British dealings with the Chinese have set the example to all other nations. America, France, and Japan are all doing much

to raise China to progressive ideals, and Japan especially, despite the aggressive suspicions of sections of the foreign nations, is the friend of China. By no means are the bulk of Chinese anti-Japanese. One has only to take stock of very recent events to understand how fairly the Japanese are treating the Chinese. They are withdrawing from towns, ports, and areas gained by conquest or treaties. They are financing China in the establishment of trade, the building of railways and roads, and, above all, their commercial energy is setting the finest example.

Nothing strikes the traveller in China more than the extent and variety of foreign trade. Many millions of capital have been and are being spent in numerous industries. These factors instrumental to the well-being of China have resulted in strong foreign interests, which it is only reasonable should not be disturbed without just cause. Were it not for foreign interests, the China seas would still have the slow-moving junks, carrying their meagre cargoes of rice, dried fish, and peanut oil. Now the junks have multiplied exceedingly, carrying to every nook and corner of the great coastline the wonderful and varied cargoes brought by mammoth liners and merchant

steamers from all parts of the world. The competition among foreign nations for trade is interesting. America and Canada are practically commanding the market in food products, and deserve to be successful through the thorough methods employed to advertise their commodities. During the war Germany, that once stood high in trade throughout the Orient and particularly in China, lost every connection with the country, as well as having every vestige of her property confiscated by the Chinese Government. Since the war Germany has scores of trade travellers scouring the country, carrying a wonderful variety of goods, from needles to pianos, striving to regain trade, and has even established a commercial newspaper extolling German goods and workmanship. A fleet of fine steamers owned by a German company is now plying regularly between Germany and China. German trade is certainly making headway. Foreign industries are responsible for the training of thousands of skilled workers. The Chinese engineer, motor-mechanic, electrician, are equal in ability to similar workers of other countries. An outstanding example of foreign energy is found in the Chambers of Commerce of the various nations, up to date and enterprising in every way. There is a section of the

modern Chinese who view foreign influence adversely, but it is very apparent that should foreign interests and influence cease it would be disastrous to China in its present effort to develop greater commercial activities. Foreign interests supply the stiffening, as it were, to encourage the nation to continue efforts of progress.

The bulk of trade and the greater number of industries in China are British. It is a matter for surprise, then, that Australia, a British dominion, has shown so little enterprise in seeking trade and placing the great and wonderful variety of products, especially food products, in which she excels over all nations, that would be readily acceptable to Chinese markets. Geographically it is the nearest of all, being distant but a little more than a couple of weeks' journey. Australian products could be placed in Chinese markets under the freshest and most wholesome conditions, a feature that would instantly appeal to Chinese merchants and traders. There is such a variety of Australian products, all abundant in quantity, unsurpassed in quality, that, if Australian traders were to show energy and enterprise, they would soon command the market. It would be wise for Australia to consider trade with China, but, on

the lines adopted by other nations, government commissioners must have nothing to do with the matter. Dealings must be direct between buyers and sellers. Let Australia establish agencies in the chief cities, advertise well and attractively, study the ways, wants, and tastes of the Chinese, and a trade will surely result that will add to the commercial prosperity of Australia.

Chapter IX

CHINA

Western Influences

The Future Tourist Field of the World—The Passing of Much Picturesqueness in Customs and Dress—Modern Development in Transport—Chinese Life, its Teeming Millions and Strenuousness—Chinese Industries—Trickery in Curios—The Influence of Western Industries—Trade Unionism—The Skill of Chinese Craftsmen.

Foreign enterprise is doing much for China, principally in the opening up of trade, and in its wake is following a substantial development of a general nature, with the result that China is fast becoming one of the most attractive and interesting tourist fields of the whole world. There is much to study in the people, their ways and customs, since conditions in many of the inland areas and districts are practically the same as they were a thousand years ago. The tourist is, in a sense, able to peer with modern eyes upon ancient manners and conditions. All the year

round the big centres, such as Hong-Kong and Shanghai, are busy as the meeting-places of tourists coming from all quarters of the globe, ready to spread themselves along the coast or inland wherever facilities of transport and accommodation are offered, and interesting historical places and features are to be visited. Indications of the increase in the number of tourists is to be noted at all seasons but the winter months. The crowded coastal and river steamers, the railways, and other means of passenger transport, all give evidence of the same thing; and the animation and gay life of the hotels furnish further testimony. These places are usually on a palatial scale, and are comfortable and moderate in their charges.

Tourist bureaux, through foreign enterprise mainly, supply abundant literature and general information. The Chinese attendants seldom speak less than two or three languages, and are especially proficient in English. These bureaux, with the hotels, and often the consulates, also provide descriptive booklets dealing with all the choice tourist spots. These booklets, too, present the various advantages of other countries; and, as tens of thousands of wealthy tourists pass through China every year on their way seeking

change and novelty anywhere, their movements are much influenced by this kind of literature, inviting them to America, Canada, the Argentine, Java, and so on. It comes as a disappointment to an Australian to find there are no booklets on Australia. Only the vaguest information is obtainable about a land that has so much to offer; a glorious climate unparalleled in the world; sport, scenery, interesting political conditions, and one of the most resourceful fields of investigation in trade and industry. Lack of enterprise and aim in this direction prevent every year hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling from entering the Commonwealth. Tourist investigation is often the forerunner of commercial investment, and Australia is the one country of the world that would most benefit by becoming known as attractive to tourists.

The ending of the Manchu Imperial rule has robbed China of much that was truly Oriental and picturesque in its customs and especially in its dress. A hundred years ago travellers wrote glowingly their impressions of a land vivid in colour, of the " barbaric splendour " that existed, when mandarins moved about in high state, and there was a bustle and animation in trade

—such as it was—with an old-world, purely Chinese setting to every phase of life. Now, much modified, this life will be seen only in distant inland towns and districts. The gorgeously robed mandarins and officials have gone, but there is an amazing trade with the tourists in the gorgeous silk robes, dresses, and costumes which constitute one of the main features of the great departmental stores. In Canton still can be seen the long silk gowns, not unlike nightgowns, formerly a feature of the national costume ; and in North China, in towns such as Soochow, men continue to use the short, black jackets with strange, long sleeves falling over the hands a foot or more. In most parts the coolie, when he wears anything more than a loincloth, still clings to the fashion of hundreds of years ago —the loose jacket and roomy, rolled-up breeches of dark brown rough material, and the big pagoda-shaped straw hat. The peacock feather and the purple and red buttons, once the symbols of rank and wealth, are gone. The wealthy merchant is still extant, but of a Chinese aristocracy there is none. The modern Chinese, discarding the picturesque costumes of old, have acquired a smart and accurate taste in Western raiment. Like the well-dressed, well-groomed

Japanese, the modern educated Chinaman wears well-cut suits, and displays perfect taste in ties, collars, gloves, shoes, and hats. Modern Chinese women are not yet adopting Western dress, but are gradually coming to it, and exhibit a neat taste in silk stockings, shoes, and parasols.

One constantly hears people say the Chinese are more honest than the Japanese. Certainly the Japanese shopkeeper is not slow to take an advantage of his customers ; but for ways that are cute the Chinese shopkeeper takes a lot of beating. Tourists, or a wonderful proportion of them, devote much time searching for " old " brasswork things as mementoes of their visit. Sometimes useful and ornamental articles can be picked up, and occasionally treasures may be found of exquisite design and workmanship. Age, however, is the chief value attached to this work. The Chinese brass-seller has numbers of brass articles always in stock, and, to meet the constant demand, gets over the difficulty of " age " in the following manner. Articles are buried for months in soil heavily charged with lime ; the lime eats into the brass, and the things take on a dull, mouldy colour consistent with age, and satisfying to buyers. The goods are carefully displayed in

rooms purposely darkened, where the bargaining is settled. A little light on the subject would spoil many a transaction. But connoisseurs are seldom deceived, and it is just as well to consult one before buying brasswork in China. While curio-sellers indulge in trickery, there are, nevertheless, many beautiful things in brass, jade, silk, and porcelain to be bought ; but here again the advice of a connoisseur is necessary if age value is placed upon the articles. The Chinese shopkeeper is an adept in making up fictitious histories of the things he has to sell. Many a tourist returns home delighted in the possession of curios collected in his wanderings through China and proudly displays them in handsome cupboards. But the connoisseur who comes along is amazed at the histories of the curios and is led to reflect on the facility of deception. A lot of "Brummagem" finds its way out of China, and the prices obtained are quite satisfactory to the Chinese curio-sellers.

The spread of development in China through foreign enterprise is manifested in the construction of railways, roads, and the ever-increasing supply of motor-transport. Motor-cars are to be counted in thousands in any of the foreign settlements, and many are to be seen in cities purely Chinese.

They are of every make, colour, and condition. The ubiquitous Ford is ever in evidence. There are some extraordinary objects in the shape of cars, patched up, tied up, cushionless, and tireless, the body, axles, and wheels combined in a manner to form a complete Chinese puzzle. Vehicles like this sometimes ply for hire, and tourists, after an experience or two, have to learn to avoid them. At a railway station or wharf the eager chauffeur, sometimes with an attendant tout, rushes upon the unsuspecting traveller, snatches up his luggage, and, despite his resistance and protest, hurries him into an evil-smelling, incredibly dirty car. Like a shot the car dashes away, and careers through the streets at a wild pace, with the promise of disaster every inch of the way. The car draws up outside the hotel with a jolt; passenger and luggage are almost precipitated into the hall. Amid general confusion, with staring and amused tourists all round, the victim is faced with an outrageous demand, but, exasperated and helpless, is glad to pay up and get away to the privacy and quiet of a bedroom. Such an experience does not bear repetition. The Chinese chauffeur and his tout are not among the pleasant incidents of travel in China.

The country can boast of excellent railways, and express trains are up to date with dining-, observation-, and sleeping-cars. The Chinese railway official, if not so smart in appearance as the Japanese, with his uniform, his alertness, and his politeness, is none the less very efficient. The management of most of the railway services is British, and it will be interesting to Australians to learn that from time to time important positions have been held with distinction by Australians. Broad-gauge, well-maintained lines branch out from Shanghai to Pekin and other centres in North China, and as a result of Japanese enterprise it is now possible to travel in a very comfortable manner from Shanghai, through Korea, to Japan. An interesting and picturesque railway is that running from Kowloon (Hong-Kong) to Canton. There are other railways, owned by the French and Portuguese, in other southern parts of China.

The disturbed state of the country is owing chiefly to the instability of authority. A condition approaching to civil war is created, and brigandage is rife owing to the disbanded soldiery, which, unpaid and starving, maintains itself by looting. A very big percentage of these troops are mere youths. Besides raiding the country and

terrorising the peaceful inhabitants they occasionally tear up the railway lines and seize passengers for ransom. This practice is becoming less frequent as the Republican Governments, North and South, stimulated by the vigorous actions of the various foreign Governments, maintain patrols of soldiers along the railway routes, and the bandits do not care to risk conflicts wherein they are invariably worsted. A section of the warring factions is aggressively opposed to the presence of foreigners —"white devils," as they are called—and every now and then a missionary or traveller is seized and ill-treated and perhaps murdered. The memory of the drastic punishments dealt out by the powers at the time of the Boxer rebellion is not forgotten, however, and the molestation of foreigners is seldom carried to an extreme. For any serious offence reparations are promptly demanded—and settled: the Government massacres a few dozen folk in a quiet sort of a way, and there is no further annoyance to foreigners. With the spread of development and foreign trade, and the extension of Western influence, a better understanding will be established. Foreign enterprise, mostly British, has started many coastal steamer services, and to-day almost every port of any size is visited.

Even so short a time ago as ten years, ports now opened were closed to all foreign trade and shipping, and in a great many instances were no better than nesting-places of pirates. The Chinese pirate once upon a time sailed far away from home and carried terror and disaster wherever he went ; now the radius has been limited, but he still makes his presence felt. Now and then one hears of pirates seizing or raiding a coastal steamer. Most of these vessels carry as part of their crew Hindoo police, who, night and day, in port and at sea, practically mount armed guard to protect the passengers and cargo. Many of the steamers have what is called a "pirate proof"—a high iron railing fence round the saloon deck, with gates which are kept locked and are only opened to allow the free working of the ship. These fences came into use to prevent the easy boarding by pirates from junks when attacks were made at sea. There are far too many foreign warships on the coast of China to-day to give junk pirates many chances, but stories are heard of pirates, disguised as wealthy merchants, booking as saloon passengers on the steamers while confederates crowd to the steerage. When well out to sea the well-armed pirates overpower the officers, rob the passengers of their valuables, and then with

well-planned but mysterious precision a junk appears, takes them and their plunder aboard, and disappears with a speed and suddenness quite romantic. In these days of wireless the raids of pirates are not common. War vessels are soon informed of such attacks; the movements of suspicious junks are watched; and slow-going junks have little chance against speedy gunboats.

Among the most important factors of the development of China are the making of roads and the consequent increase of motor traffic and transport. Americans are very enterprising in this respect, and a great amount of good is resulting. Not only are trade and industries increasing, but the warring factions which are in too close touch with Western influence are being embarrassed and driven back inland, where there is little to loot, as the inhabitants are too poor to be taxed beyond enforced supplies of food.

The development of China is destined to become of supreme importance to the trade of the world. When the many millions of Chinese come under the beneficial influence of Western conditions, Western products and commodities will be in demand. It is estimated that in the course of

another decade the development of trade in this portion of the world may be doubled.

Coming from a land of scant population, vast empty spaces, and easy general conditions, an Australian in China is impressed by the teeming numbers, the strenuousness of life, and the unbroken spread of settlement. Tiny holdings are as the sands of the seashore ; there is an endless chain of flimsy habitations, of small patches of rice, and miniature gardens of vegetables and herbs. The Chinese are a race of agriculturists, and it is wonderful how they can keep a tiny plot of land fertile and productive from generation to generation. To the majority of Chinese, life is a deadly monotony of work. There is no play, no chance of a forty-four-hour week, no Saturday afternoons off, nor whole-day Sundays. Holidays have no meaning in China. With its enormous population, conditions must remain much the same, though some changes may be made when the people come under the spell of Western influence, energy, enterprise, and progress.

It is said that thousands of Chinese starve to death every day. The supply of food is the main problem. No kinder greeting can one Chinaman give to another than to ask, not " How are

you, your wife, and family?" but "Is your belly full?" That is the national greeting. The insistency of the food problem is vividly brought home to the traveller by a sight commonly to be witnessed about the wharves and among shipping of the riversides and harbours. Scores of men, women, and children, the latter often mere tiny toddlers, can be seen with tiny brooms eagerly sweeping up everything in the shape of food. Often it is little better than refuse.

The wharves after ships have been unloaded of wheat or any kind of grain will be crowded with wretched-looking folk searching for every grain, even picking it out of crevices with long, needle-like sticks. Fruit skins, particularly orange skins, are gathered with the greatest care and are made into crude sorts of medicines. When waste food is dumped over from a ship into a river or harbour, sampans with men and women will pounce upon it like so many hungry sea-gulls. In the conditions of life which prevail in China nothing in the way of food goes to waste.

The sadness of this aspect of China increases the hope that Western influence will quickly spread over the country. This would seem to

be the only means of arousing the people as a whole to the necessity of urgent national commercial progress. Out of this only will come prosperity. Strikingly evident is the fact that foreign trade and enterprise are making conditions more easy, and that the Chinese within these influences are waxing fat and independent. Trade-unionism on the most modern lines is one result. There is a demand for shorter hours, better working conditions, and higher wages. Strikes are common events. A year or two ago the Chinese workers of the northern railways presented a stupendous programme of demands, from a rise of over 500 per cent. in wages to a scheme for the most liberal pensioning of old and feeble workers. In a recent shipping strike, which lasted for months, there was the most deliberate attempt at job control. Trade-unionism in China has come to recognise it has power to disorganise trade and industries, but the Chinese workers are too much dependent on foreign capital ever to triumph. If the flow of capital into the country were only to be stayed for a very short period terrible distress would follow. There is also another brake upon the power of trade-unionism, and that is the remarkable keenness of the Chinese workers to perfect themselves in Western industries.

These workers realise they are infinitely better off through Western enterprise than they were, or ever could be, with the meagre and uncertain efforts of Chinese enterprise. The Chinese craftsman is often highly qualified in his trade, quite equal in ability and ingenuity to the worker of any European country or of America. And, as he is a cheap and conscientious workman too, it is quite possible that China may become a strong competitor in many industries, especially in shipbuilding and engineering. As the direct result of labour unrest in other countries the near future may see China the busiest of industrial nations.

Chapter X

CHINA

Interesting Chinese Cities, and Details of Chinese Life

Soochow, "the Chinese Heaven on Earth"—A City of Pagodas, Temples, Monasteries, Canals, Ducks, and Donkeys—A Little Incident—And a Donkey-Owner—Chinese Soldiers—Swatow—What a Typhoon Does—Swatow's Industries—Goats, Chow Dogs, Mud-Fishers, and Beggars—Canton, "The Great Bazaar" of China—A Famous Old City in Transition from Ancient to Modern Conditions—Canton and its Curios—The "Shamien"—The Canton River, and some History—Chinese Life Conditions—The Stench of Chinese Cities.

A Chinese city never fails to be interesting in some way or another. Soochow, sixty miles from Shanghai, and an important station on the Shanghai—Pekin railway, is a city with a history reaching back over hundreds of years, and in that time has undergone very little change. Once the capital of a kingdom, when China was under the rule of various dynasties, "Ming,"

"Manchu," and others, Soochow is in these days regarded as a place of pilgrimage, a sort of intermediate "heaven on earth" where devout Chinese can commune with departed friends. Pekin once stood high in popular favour as a sacred city, but its connection with republican government has brought it into rank disfavour.

There may be some risk in visiting Soochow, inasmuch as it is always more or less within the area of the civil disturbance which centres about Pekin. The boom of big guns is ever in the ears of the population, who, however, are little concerned as long as bombs and stray cannon-balls do not enter the city. Chinese soldiers armed even to bayonets are much in evidence, and on the outskirts of the city a long low straggling set of buildings is a barracks for several thousands of soldiers. Trains run daily to Shanghai, and visitors can make a quick escape should fighting reach the city district.

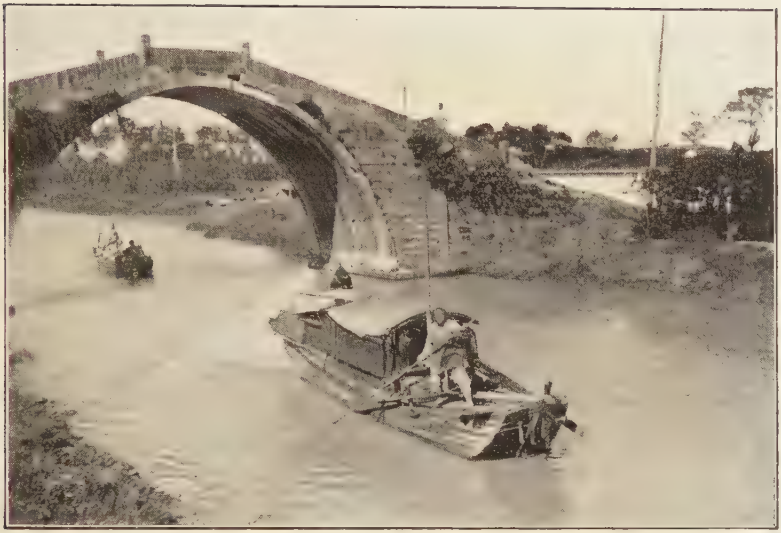
Soochow has remarkable pagodas of exquisite architecture. Indeed the temples, monasteries, and gateways are wonderful, and architects from all parts of the world visit Soochow to become acquainted with Chinese skill in this branch of art. One of the pagodas is justly famous, being

two hundred and fifty feet high, a construction of nine stories, built, as history proclaims, in the year 1131. Another is of the "leaning tower" variety, having a remarkable obliquity said to rival the famous Tower of Pisa. The pagodas are usually vividly coloured in red, black, and gold, and are very noticeable at a great distance. The temples are often of a striking character and wonderfully adorned. The curved and fluted roofs are very effective. The interiors are strangely lacking in artistic effect, the chief objects being fierce and hideous Buddhas, idols often shockingly indecent, making one wonder how the Chinese, so artistic in other ways, can offer worship to gods with savage grinning mouths, enormous teeth, flat noses, puffed cheeks, glaring eyes, and bloated bodies. In one temple visited three Buddhas were in course of erection and painting, showing them to be mere things of lath and plaster. One was being daubed over with a first coat of what looked like whitewash by an army of small boys who were anything but reverential in their conduct, and who slopped at the Buddha in a manner which sent the paint running about it in tiny streams. An artist was giving the finishing touches to another Buddha, particularly ferocious in appearance, with a vividly

red tongue of huge dimensions lolling out of its cavernous mouth.

Priests by the score can be seen about the temples, solemn-looking persons in quaint robes and white stoles. Having no official or social standing, it is a matter of doubt if they have any influence with the bulk of the people. Religion is a thing that does not worry the Chinese to any extent, and consequently the priests are treated with little apparent respect.

Soochow has a population estimated at about half a million, and is divided into three sections: the old Chinese centre; the area which is changing to modern conditions; and a small settlement of foreigners, containing the railway station, some mission churches, schools, hospitals, consulate offices, and an hotel. While the pagodas and temples are the dominant features of the city, the number of flocks of ducks and the droves of tiny donkeys are unique features which are particularly noticed by the traveller. The ducks, often hundreds in a flock, are regularly shepherded, taken to pastures, and on to the canals, where the shepherds follow them in flat-bottomed punts. The flocks swim along contentedly and come and go as the shepherds direct by call or crook. China is a sportsman's paradise for game birds. At



A BRIDGE AT SOOCHOW

SHEPHERDING DUCKS, SOOCHOW

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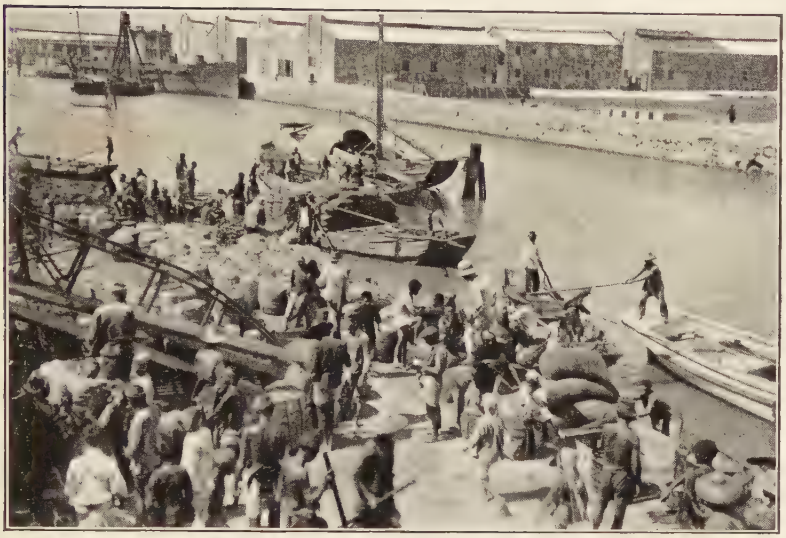
Nankin an English firm has established a preserving works and immense quantities of canned game are sent all over the world. The Chinese sportsman is quite orthodox in his dress and outfit, with his knickerbockers, Norfolk jacket, guns, dogs, and bags, but there is a touch of suspicion that the game he proudly displays often comes from the flocks of tame ducks, by arrangement with the shepherds. The traveller on arriving at Soochow railway station is greeted by a pandemonium of shouts from hundreds of donkey-owners, great hefty fellows, who make a wonderful contrast with their diminutive donkeys, gaudily harnessed with a jangling mass of tiny bells. Tourists mount these frail-looking animals, and it is amazing what big loads they carry, and for what long periods. It is ludicrous to see astride these little creatures lanky men with feet dragging along the ground, or held up at a very uncomfortable angle ; or to see stout ladies of bulky proportions mounted upon them and positively overwhelming them until only the heads and haunches of the animals can be seen. At times the donkeys stampede, throwing their riders and braying loudly, and kicking and biting in a very savage manner. They may be protesting against the ill-usage and constant belabouring dealt out to them by their

rough owners. The donkey-owner is not a likeable individual. He is ever ready to take advantage of a customer if the chance favours him. One was offered a dollar (Mexican) to pose with his donkey for a photograph, and willingly consented. This was no sooner done than in very insolent tones he demanded another dollar. The chances were all in his favour, the argument taking place in the midst of the Chinese city, where he knew he could create a disturbance and soon find heaps of friends to take his part against the foreign "white devil." A crowd of some two or three hundred Chinamen congregated, yelling and shouting, while the donkey-owner, assured of support, made bold attempts at seizing the camera. Matters were getting unpleasant when suddenly the mob scattered and loud cries of pain were heard, the donkey-owner hastily mounting and making off as if a tribe of devils were after him. A soldier had arrived on the scene and was making use of his bayonet. If there is one thing on earth a Chinaman does not like it is the feel of the cold steel of a bayonet. Brave in the face of guns, he flies from a bayonet attack.

Chinese soldiers are generally supposed to be a ragged, bootless rabble. Those about Soochow were exceedingly well uniformed in khaki, booted,

and armed. The officers were quite smart, well groomed, carrying, with some swank, walking-sticks after the English fashion. Two of them, when spoken to, conversed in excellent English and stated that their great ambition was " to go and live in Australia." When told there were difficulties in the way they were much surprised, and answered, " Well, we will not let Australians come to China." We parted good friends, however, and they very obligingly posed for their photograph by the side of a Chinese wayside idol. Foreign military authorities who have come in contact with armies in China disabuse our minds of the fallacy that Chinese soldiers are cowards and that they are content to fire their guns in the air with the idea that so long as they make a noise they are doing a tremendous lot of fighting. To-day the Chinese armies are well drilled and disciplined, and it is very gravely possible that one day China will have the greatest armies of the world, equipped with modern armaments, and commanded by officers fully acquainted with modern methods of warfare. For the sake of civilisation it is to be hoped that the nations of the world will guide the destinies of China along the road to trade and peace, rather than stir them to bitter hostilities by a policy of exploitation.

A quarter of a century ago the inhabitants of the coastal city of Swatow, 180 miles north of Hong-Kong, on the river Han, were bitterly aggressive to Westerners. To-day, thanks to British influence, Swatow is an open port of trade, with a modern or European section. Unfortunately, in August of 1922, the progressive city suffered a disaster in one of the most awful typhoons and tidal waves ever recorded in the land of the typhoon, as China has sometimes been called. In little more than a few minutes the city was reduced to ruins, the Chinese city was wiped out, and it was estimated at least 50,000 natives were drowned or killed. What a typhoon does can in some measure be imagined from the following details. The wind caused a tidal wave which came in from the sea, rushing over the land for miles. By those who witnessed it from a safe eminence, it appeared a wall of roaring waters quite eleven feet in height. Shipping was lifted from anchorages, and in some cases stranded high and dry miles from the river. Two steamers of 2,000 tons each were left at the foot of a mountain. The Chinese city, with its tens of thousands of flimsy wooden buildings, was simply washed away like drift-wood. Great bonds, warehouses, cargo sheds, and wharves



WHARF SCENE, SWATOW

A DRIVE ROUND SWATOW

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were reduced to piles of ruins, and thousands of pounds worth of merchandise of many kinds utterly destroyed. When the waters retired, as they did with the same startling speed as they rushed over the land, dead bodies and debris were crowded in piles and heaps on every hand, and in a few days a stench arose that caused a fever epidemic resulting in many deaths. It was a terrible catastrophe. In any Western land it would have caused fearful dismay and lasting grief. Not so in China. The waters were no sooner gone than the inhabitants set to work to rebuild their habitations and seek food. They simply went on with life as if nothing beyond a mere ordinary interruption in their affairs had happened. Such is China with its teeming population. There is no time for grief, none for despair ; hunger ever drives the bulk of the people to seek food. Much of the callousness that seems so evident in the Chinese character is thus explained. While life is in them they must work—work unceasingly for food.

Swatow has always enjoyed fame for its industries, the manufacture of grass-cloth, or Chinese linen, and pewter ware. At the time of the typhoon thousands were employed in these trades and business was brisk ; but the majority of the

skilled workers were drowned, and it was feared the secrets of the industries, secrets passed down from father to son for hundreds of generations, would be lost. Foreign capital and interest have set the industries going again after infinite trouble, and it is expected that in a decade they will be as busy as ever.

Many useful and beautiful articles are made of the grass-cloth, such as table-cloths, bed-quilts, tray-cloths, and so on; and when decorated with the popular Chinese dragon, designed in white or coloured silk, these things command a quick and profitable sale. Very handsome things, such as goblets and mugs, are procured in the pewter ware, and these also for their exquisite finish are readily bought up by tourists.

Strange features of this city are the goats, chow dogs, the mud-fishers, and clever beggars. The goats are small and jet-black, the exception in a flock being a white one. They roam in all the open places of the city, and do remarkably well on the scanty herbage, which would seem to offer little in the way of nourishment. The chow dogs, sharp-snouted, fierce animals, crowd the thoroughfares and are tolerated as the chief public scavengers. The people resolutely refuse to kill the dogs, though they are often old and mangy.

STREET IN SWATOW

RUINS OF BUILDINGS AFTER TYPHOON, SWATOW

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The mud-fishers are men who skate over the soft mud of the river when the tide is low and great areas of mud extend along the river shores. With one knee on a small, flat, sharp-pointed board, and the other leg used for pushing their way, they make progress at a wonderful rate, meanwhile scooping up with a short hand-net tiny fish, a food much appreciated by the poorer Chinese. All Chinese cities have their beggars, but Swatow scores with some that are extraordinarily clever. One lay along the pathway of a crowded thoroughfare, at a hasty glance a perfect specimen of a living skeleton, with the bones protruding so vividly that one had to stop to wonder how a human being could be so emaciated and live. Investigation proved the sham. The effects, hollow cheeks and indented stomach, were obtained by artifice, the prominence of ribs and other bones being heightened by exceedingly clever painting. This beggar cried out in a soft, piteous voice for charity, and appeared too weak to move; but he quickly developed a loud and insolent voice and displayed an amazing activity when a walking-stick prodded his limbs. As he stood up he proved to be a well-nourished man. When in China, the traveller is constantly advised not to miss seeing Canton,

the "great bazaar," as the famous old city is termed. Like Soochow, this city is a risky one to visit, being in a civil-war area. Riots, too, and demonstrations against foreigners, are frequent. A traveller's progress through the city is not always easy, the citizens having inhospitable manners and viewing with suspicion the intrusion of any alien. By pushing and jostling they make their objection clear, and on the flimsiest pretext resort to the very Chinese habit of mobbing, which, unless a policeman comes along, may have serious results.

Canton can be reached either by train or river from Hong-Kong. Both routes are interesting, but the choice should fall on the river journey. The Canton or Pearl River is a magnificent and picturesque waterway, a stream with a history, and one on which can be noted many interesting phases of Chinese life and conditions.

Canton is a city of fine old pagodas, temples, and palaces; with several huge prisons, having their peculiar feature, the "execution" grounds, adjoining, where the curious, Chinese or foreigners, may see the decapitation of prisoners almost every day in the week, a callous proceeding carried out with as much unconcern as if the victims were roosters and not human beings.

In Canton very trivial offences have the penalty of decapitation. During the writer's visit a sergeant and soldier of the city army, for robbing a citizen of a sum of money equivalent to £2, were tried in a very summary fashion one afternoon, and early next morning were taken to the execution ground and beheaded. Without fuss or ceremony the culprits were led out and quickly put into place. No questions were asked, no declaration or protest of innocence allowed, and in a twinkling the heads were severed from the bodies and the remains gathered up and carted away. The unceasing political unrest that exists possibly accounts for the harshness of the laws. Crime is rife, and would no doubt get out of control if the penalties were not drastic. Canton is looked upon as the capital city of the South China Republic, disdaining, however, all connection with the Pekin or North China Republic. The late Dr. Sun Yat Sen was for a time the President of the South Republic, while his son was mayor of the city.

In arts and crafts of a purely native character Canton is fascinating. It is in truth a city of curio-shops where brass-work, jade, porcelain, silks, brocades, embroideries, and an endless

variety of ivory nick-nacks can be purchased, of designs and finish satisfying to the most fastidious buyers. The articles in ivory, however, are not always genuine. They are more often than not made from the bones of Australian horses and cattle, hundreds of tons of such bones being exported from the Commonwealth into China and the Orient generally by every ship. The foreign settlement area is known as the "Shamien," a word meaning the "sandbank." It is a small but beautifully laid out area consisting of fine brick consulates, among which the British, French, and American are prominent, a few stores, and a hotel with very neatly kept gardens and walks. The "Shamien" police are a smart body, wearing quaint and attractive uniforms. The area is separated from the Chinese city by a narrow creek, over which is a bridge, guarded night and day, defended by a barbed wire entanglement, the guards and the wire being necessary to keep back the Chinese population, who, if allowed to crowd over, would soon bring about a congestion of traffic, to say nothing of introducing unwholesome habits and conditions. Facing the "Shamien" is an extensive reach of the river, where lie the British gunboats, with steam always up. Though screened

by white tarpaulin awnings and innocent covers, their guns are trained on the Chinese city, a firm but gentle reminder that demonstrations likely to interfere with the safety of the settlers of the "Shamien" will promptly result in a bombardment.

It is estimated that within the immediate vicinity of Canton there is a floating population of quite a million. At any rate the river is always a scene of the greatest animation; junks and sampans can be counted by thousands, and on every one lives a family, possibly two or three families. There is a wonderful variety of river trade, which may be put to the credit of British enterprise mainly and to other foreign nations generally. Only seventy years ago the Cantonese fought strenuously against the intrusion of foreign traders, who had to contend as well against the hordes of pirates that infested the river. To-day the pirates are gone. Canton trades, and trades largely, with the world, and prospers accordingly. The "Shamien," by treaty the gift of the Canton Government of the time, ensures the security of foreign trade.

The Canton river runs for hundreds of miles from mouth to source, and Chinese life and conditions on it are very interesting. In one pretty

bay lies a fleet of the Chinese navy, obsolete in build and armament, and year in and year out the gold-laced, gilded admiral and officers, and the hundreds of sailors, quite untutored in the art of war, wax fat in idleness. A picturesque feature of the higher reaches of the river is furnished by the numerous log rafts, some hundreds of yards in length, on which live several families. At night, when the camp fires are sparkling, the scene is always strangely effective. The variety of craft on the Canton river is amazing, from the foreign ocean liner, to the "slipper" sampans, queer little boats shaped for all the world like a giant slipper. There are many huge passenger junks which carry on trade and ply regularly to the settlements on the upper reaches of the river. Gaudily painted, and often of immense length, their sterns decorated in a most extravagant manner, these junks in our modern days are propelled by motor-power and travel at a fast rate. Flags and lettered banners flutter from their low masts, while with whistles and sirens they mark every mile of their trip, thus advertising their routes and fares, their capacity and speed.

A reminder of very ancient days are great barges manned by oarsmen, whose chanties in

A CHINESE JUNK

SLIPPER JUNKS, CANTON

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time with their strokes add much liveliness to the river. Stern-wheel junks are another peculiarity. These are of great size and beam, and are propelled by heavy stern wheels set in motion by human labour. Besides the crew, men and women passengers can "work" their passage by taking turns at walking up the endless stairs that keep the wheels going, which when in action can maintain a wonderful speed.

The foreign settlers have their diversion in dainty houseboats, tastefully and comfortably arranged. In the warm months of the year luncheon- and afternoon-tea-parties are given on the houseboats, which are towed up to the less busy, picturesque reach beyond the city.

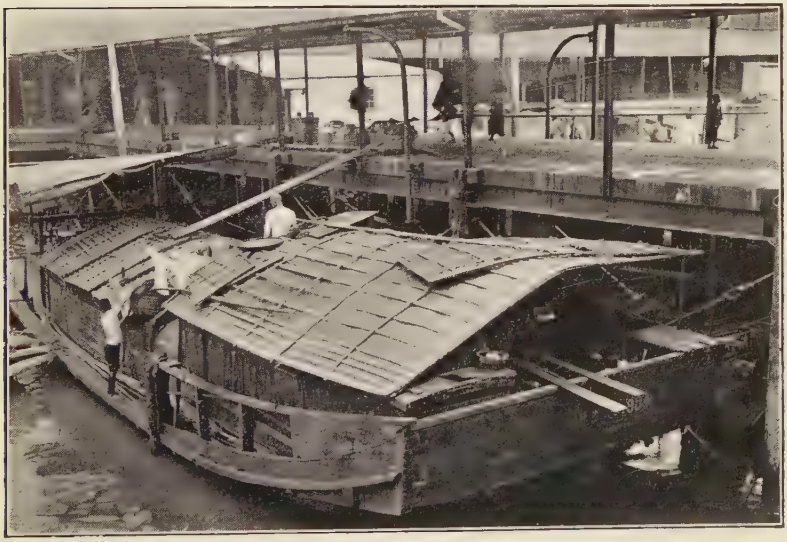
Owing to the dense population that lives on the river, the loss of life by drowning is very high, especially among children. It has been said "a child is drowned every hour in China," and this is not surprising when it is noted how unprotected are children on the junks and sampans. While fathers and mothers are at work, the little ones, left to themselves, toddle or crawl about, and very easily fall overboard. In the din of the busy scene around, their cries are unheard. They drown, and perhaps are not missed for hours after. Canton parents attach

a float of wood to their children, but, if floats are scarce, boys are given the preference as it is reckoned girls can be spared.

It might be thought that Chinese parents are callous. They are not. They care for their children and are really very affectionate, but such are the strenuous conditions of living that there is little time for grief over the loss of a child. Mothers have a dread that the devil is ever at hand ready to take from them their boy babies, so the boys are usually dressed as girls, as the devil cannot be bothered with girls. Mothers take infinite delight in dressing their children in the brightest of garments. Chinese babies are the quaintest little things in the wide world. They are also the sweetest-tempered. They laugh and chatter incessantly, but seldom cry.

Any description of Chinese cities would be incomplete without reference to one outstanding feature: the overpowering stenches that pervade them, and which seem grossly unwholesome to foreign nostrils and sensibilities. Residents in China say the stenches are unnoticed after a time, and that investigation has proved they are by no means unhealthy. It is hard to believe it. The unsavoury and insanitary conditions of the cities are such that the wonder is epidemics are

RIVER SCENE, CANTON



A BARGE, CANTON

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not more frequent than they are. In cities where the foreigners have gained influence the greatest care is exercised to compel the Chinese authorities to keep conditions at least sanitary. For this reason epidemics have ceased to be general, and millions of Chinese may be counted as saved every year.

Viewed from whatever aspect, foreign influence especially British, has been for the good of the Chinese and is promoting their awakening to more active and prosperous days. With her numbers, supported by modern knowledge, China promises to become a paramount factor in the world's peace and commerce. She might, on the other hand, become a formidable, destructive force, dealing out strife, ruinous to trade. With foreign, and especially British, influences operating wisely, justly, and discreetly, there is every possible chance that she may become a sane and progressive nation.

Chapter XI

SHANGHAI

The Paris of the East

The Bund—Street Traffic and Life—The Police—The Chinese Gold Exchange — Old British Church and Graveyard — Shanghai Clubs — The Suburbs — Sun Yat Sen — The Wangpoo and River Traffic — The Yangtze-Kiang, its Attractions and Floods—Foreign Trade and Influence.

Named the "Paris of the East," Shanghai, so gay and cosmopolitan, is certainly a remarkably modern and fine city, that is as regards its "concession" areas, British and French. Other nations—America and Japan particularly—have created spheres of activity and influence within the "concessions" made available by treaty to foreign settlement. The Bund, or main thoroughfare, is a splendid index to the business and life of the city. Marked by dainty grass plots, neat promenades, a lofty weather tower, a landmark between the British and French "concessions,"

and long chains of pontoons and wharves, apparently extending for miles along the front of the Wangpoo, the city's waterway, it is altogether a striking piece of town planning.

The Bund supplies a background of high, imposing buildings, such as the British Customs House, of ornate architecture, banks, merchants' warehouses and offices, shipping offices, the extensive premises of the Shanghai Club, and a particularly handsome set of buildings crowned by a tower, the offices of the *China Daily News*, a vigorous British journal. From early dawn to midnight the Bund is densely packed with human beings of every nationality in varied colour and dress. It is in fact a little cosmos of the world's races. The perfectly made roadway is thick with flashing motor-cars, train-like, double-decked trams, smart horse equipages driven by quaintly but smartly liveried Chinese coachmen, endless rickshas, sedan chairs, and palanquins, a throng of Chinese barrow-men, and carts to which men are harnessed like horses, dragging and pushing tremendous loads. The air is filled with the din of continuous traffic, and the not unmusical, quaint, half-spoken chanties of the Chinese coolies as they swing along,

THE BUND

THE RIVER

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carrying easily on heads and shoulders loads fit only for men of giant strength. The average Chinaman, however frail he may appear, usually has muscles of the sturdiest nature.

The Bund is the hub of business, the rendezvous of the tourist. Back from it run several narrow roads, the most notable being Nankin Road, with its elegant shops, European and Chinese, and many palatial Chinese departmental stores —great emporiums where everything that can be asked for can be bought. These stores are brilliant objects at night, when illuminated from tower-top to pavement with a mass of coloured electric lights, a manner of advertising dear to the Chinese heart.

From this road branch off innumerable smaller streets and lanes, thronged with people, mostly Asiatics, hurrying along, passing in and out among an incalculable number of tiny shops, apparently overstocked to an amazing degree and brightly bedecked with flags and banner advertisements. There is a pandemonium created by gramophones, drums, Chinese musical instruments giving forth an astonishing and ear-piercing variety of squeaks, and, above all, the thousand and one calls of the street hawkers. Chinese

hawkers are as varied in occupation as they are legion in number, their cries as uncanny as they are deafening. They carry trays, or baskets, often portable stoves, and are so covered in with the wares they have to sell they might be called "walking shops." They display fruit (poor stuff, and Chinese-grown, by the way), and also offer cakes, peanuts, Chinese confectionery of the gaudiest colours, unattractive and unpalatable to the European taste. Then there is the tea-man, and the soup-man; and business can be done on the value of the lowest coin, for the bite of an apple, or two or three peanuts, the crumbs of a cake, or a sip of tea or soup. Pavement musicians and remarkably clever beggars resort to the strangest tricks to attract charity. Much in evidence are the pavement boot- or sandal-mender, the hat- and suit-cleaner, and the barber, ready to shave or shear anywhere in the street, heedless of the traffic. There is the old lady who sews on buttons, or mends the coolies' simple garments on the "while you wait" system, while her customers sit about on the pavement in a condition more or less nude.

A splash of colour is given to the throng as the "temple money" man or woman swings

along under a load of multi-coloured paper, to be sold at the temples and then set afire as an offering to Buddha.

Another feature is provided by gambling-groups in quiet corners of the pavement or the doorways of offices. Tightly clustered, the groups play various games of chance, gambling being a business, not a vice, in China, the police taking little notice of it, anyway. One effective way of dispersing a group is for a camera-man to appear on the scene. The Chinaman loathes having his photograph taken. One of a group, realising a snap is to be taken, will excitedly warn his companions. There is a wild yell and a wholesale scattering, the air being filled with imprecations called upon the surprised camera-man, astounded at the result of his inoffensive efforts.

A strange sight, though not often seen in these days, are the white-robed, ghost-like "opium fiends"—poor, emaciated creatures arrested by the police in opium dens, and driven, thus clad, through the streets in an open cab, a warning to other Chinese addicted to the habit. Dazed, pale, and thin, their grotesque white robes intensifying the effect, they present a piteous sight, and the authorities use this public exposure as

a means to assist them in keeping down opium smoking, for the average Chinaman, sensitive to ridicule, does not care to risk the experience. The British and French municipal medical authorities are strenuously endeavouring to check the vice, and are succeeding. Opium dens are not as numerous as they were, nor can opium be purchased as easily as it could be years ago.

Life is full of hardship for the coolies, seeking livings in ways far too numerous to detail, eating and sleeping wherever they can, yet seemingly a happy, contented lot. Eighty years ago Shanghai was an unimportant fishing-village. Now, by the commercial energies of foreigners, it has become a magnet of employment, a veritable Mecca in that respect, to which Chinese flock from all parts. While foreigners have perhaps acquired too much influence in China, they have created trade and engaged in industries which have brought immense prosperity to the country. Engineering works, shipbuilding yards, cotton, woollen, and flour mills, give employment to thousands of Chinese, paying liberal wages to many who would otherwise be deriving a precarious subsistence as fishermen or junk sailors, poorly paid and badly fed. Undoubtedly foreign trade

and influence, especially British, has done, and is doing, an enormous amount of good in awakening the people to the advantages of Western civilisation. Ricksha- and motor-car-men form a veritable army in Shanghai. They are the most persistent of human touters. Travellers have to be wary of them and also of the Chinese clerks in the hotels, between whom there is a deliberate conspiracy to secure the most outrageous fares. Travellers will be wise if they study the tariff, and so save themselves the annoyance of disputes. For the Chinese ricksha- or car-man is a master hand in abuse, choosing a particularly public spot to invoke all the wrath of all his ancestors upon the head of the protesting foreigner. Even if, in the end, he is paid more than his reasonable fare, he manages to fire off a final invective on his passenger as "the vilest, shabbiest, and most noteworthy of scoundrels."

One is stirred, however, with pity for the ricksha-men. They have long hours, work night and day, at any hour, if they can get fares. They subsist on the cheapest food, practically live out in the open, wet or fine, the cover of the ricksha as their only protection, and under it they huddle up and sleep. It is amazing how long

they can run with a fare, especially a heavy-weight one, but then it is said they seldom live to middle age. Of late years car-men have not been of good behaviour. They have been found to be hand in glove with robbers and bandits, the disbanded soldiery out of a job who are perfectly ready to run the risks and take the profits of robbery. In Shanghai, car-men must have a special permit to be out at night, as motor-cars have figured largely in making away with stolen goods.

Traffic in the narrow roads of Shanghai, and even in the Bund, would soon be reduced to a chaotic state were it not for the energy and vigour of the traffic police. Two men are placed at every corner and busy section, one a Chinaman, the other a Hindoo. This, it appears, guarantees fairness in administration. The Chinaman will not favour his countrymen nor the Hindoo his fellow-policeman. Policemen in the East, as the story goes, must be above the suspicion of having any friendship or dealings with the people of the city in which they are stationed —that is, of course, with the Asiatic portion. A northern Chinaman will readily get a police job in southern China, for the reason that the authorities know there is a racial antagonism

OLD TEA-HOUSE, SHANGHAI

CHINESE POLICEMAN OF FRENCH SETTLEMENT, SHANGHAI

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that would not tolerate bribes or friendship, and that a northern Chinaman will wallop or cut the throat of a southern Chinaman with the greatest zest. Not that it is part of his duty to cut throats every time he meets racial enemies. Shanghai natives are seldom members of the Shanghai police force, or at least of the traffic police.

Ricksha- and car-men are reckless creatures, more intent on getting their fares to their destinations than on obeying traffic regulations. They rush indiscriminately through the traffic, and accidents would take place every minute of the day if it were not for the vigilant police wading into them with stout waddies, belabouring them over head, shoulders, and legs, and so keeping the traffic moving smoothly and in regular order. There is quite a variety of police uniforms. Each "concession," British and French has its own force, with distinctive uniforms the French Chinese police, in light blue with shining metal helmets, being much the most picturesque.

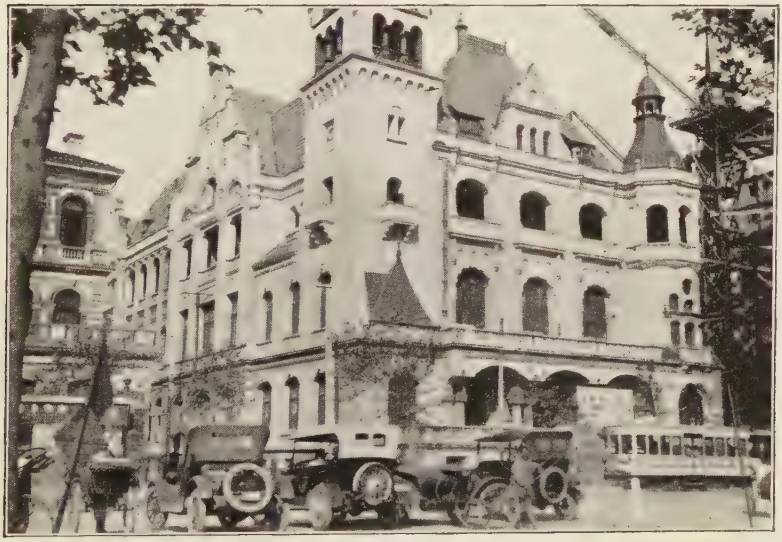
Owing to bandits making periodical raids on the city, all the Shanghai police are armed at night, even with bayonets.

The daily scene of excitement outside the

Chinese Gold Exchange is one of the features of Shanghai. The entrance is densely packed with crowds going in and coming out, all loudly discussing the ups and downs of the tael, the standard of currency. The streets and pathways are also densely crowded, and traffic moves slowly. What goes on in the exchange is something of a mystery, but the onlooker realises there is some sort of gamble, otherwise the Chinamen could not be so feverishly excited.

An impressive section in the very heart of the British "concession" is the tiny old English church, built over eighty years ago, and its graveyard. The graves are those of soldiers, sailors, missionaries, officials, traders, and their womenfolk, who were the pioneers of British influence and trade in the northern part of coastal China. It is particularly sad to see the tombstones crumbling away or toppling over, and to note how many of the brave pioneers died at an early age. Casting a protecting shadow over the hallowed spot is the stately spire of St. George's Church, a handsome edifice in which gather very large congregations. A high concrete wall surrounds the graveyard, and in its centre is a tall, ugly structure used as a fire

RESTING



BANK OF CHINA, FORMERLY GERMAN CLUB

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look-out, from which visitors get views of the city round.

Shanghai is famous for its clubs. It is said that every nationality in Shanghai (and every nationality is in Shanghai) has its club, and is more or less strict regarding the admission of members, none permitting Chinese, even the highest officials. The Chinese have their own clubs, from which foreigners are rigidly excluded.

One of the finest buildings on the Bund, the Bank of China, was, in pre-war days, the German Club, remarkable for its hospitality and the sumptuousness of its entertainments. On the outbreak of war in 1914 the Chinese Government promptly seized all German property, hence the new use of the club.

The Americans and French have smart clubs, noted for generous hospitality. One of the pleasing features is the mingling of the British who become members. The chief club, and one world-famous, is the British, or, as it is called, the Shanghai Club. Housed palatially, it is splendidly appointed and is under faultless management. To be introduced to the club is regarded as a special honour. Here can be met all the prominent people of the "concessions,"

and other nationalities besides British. The reception-rooms, bars, and libraries are always busy ; at lunch-hour the extensive and handsome dining-room is crowded. A special feature is the main bar, 190 feet long by 30 feet wide. On Saturdays, between the hours of eleven and one, this bar is packed, the air redolent with tobacco, and the babel of tongues is quite boisterous. Chinese "boys" concoct cocktails at a rate which is magical, while scores of "boys" carry forward drinks, passing through the crowd with mysterious ease and swiftness. On Saturday mornings hundreds of motor-cars can be seen outside the club, presenting a very animated scene, but two minutes after one o'clock there may not be one left ; the owners have been whisked off to their homes or country residences. The "concessions'" suburbs are beautiful, with fine, wide streets, mostly avenued with picturesque shade-trees, and are called after British, French, and American notabilities, generally war heroes. Among them there are King Edward Parade, Foch Avenue, and Pershing Road.

An interesting detail of Foch Avenue is worth recording as showing the keenness and

thoroughness of American enterprise. The roadway is particularly well laid with wood blocks, an American firm having undertaken to do it and to maintain it for twelve months, guaranteeing the stability of the work and materials. The British "concession" municipality has been so satisfied with the work that the American firm to-day holds all municipal contracts for street-laying, and the reputation of the firm stands high in every city and large town of the Orient.

The suburbs are notable for spacious and elegant residences, and private gardens are maintained in a style comporting with wealth which can command numerous skilful gardeners—and all Chinamen are more or less gardeners. Motor-cars are very numerous in Shanghai, both private and public; yet running into all suburbs are speedy and comfortable trams. Tram-trips are worth while to visitors. Passing from the city through the immediate environs to the Chinese suburbs, there is much quaint life. Smart motor-cars flash past the slow, lumbering buffalo-carts; there are streams of rickshas and sedan chairs, and life is busy if somewhat squalid. One of the strange things to be seen is the milking of mares, whose milk is much favoured by Asiatics.

The mares stand quietly by the roadside, accustomed to be called to duty any time and anywhere. In these Chinese suburbs can be observed the gradual blending of modern and Chinese—distinctly ancient—conditions. That they are less squalid and unsavoury than they were is due to the energetic work of the British and French municipal health authorities in enforcing sanitation and general cleanliness.

Foreigners live very comfortably in Shanghai, as there is no lack of servants. Chinese women make excellent nurses, but it is the "boys" who undertake housework. And they are usually very competent. It is the practice to hand over the management of the household to a *compradore*, or head boy. He buys all foods, employs "boys," and in every way is responsible for giving satisfaction to his employer. He manages to do that while making his job satisfactory to himself. He bargains with all the tradesmen—the meat-man, the vegetable-vender, the fruit-sellers, and so on—beating down their profits to a minimum, but keeping his own on a satisfactory basis which enables him in the course of a few years to retire wealthy—that is, to the extent of a *compradore's* desire. In

the chief suburb of the French "concession" lived for some time the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, once President of China, and latterly President of Southern China. He was a man who led a strenuous life, battling for the unification of his much disorganised and badly governed country. Gentle, courteous, well read, he was an interesting conversationalist. He was a doctor of medicine by profession, much travelled, and fluent in several languages, particularly English. Sun Yat Sen made enemies among the foreign settlers by his supposed support of Soviet ideals, aiming at the overthrow of foreign influence, and so checking foreign trade and enterprise. Particularly aggressive to him were members of the British and American diplomatic bodies, and a section of the British China Press. On the other hand, the doctor had ardent admirers among a very big section of the foreigners, and none championed him more than Mr. George Bronson-Rea, an American, owner and editor of a remarkably vigorous journal, *The Far Eastern Review*, and a gentleman recognised as one of the fairest, most authoritative, and longest settled of the foreigners of the Orient. Intimately acquainted with Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Mr. Bronson-Rea had better opportunities than any other foreigner

of studying and knowing the great Chinaman. He declared over and over again that if there was one virtue he possessed to a super-eminent degree it was honesty, a quality observable in few official or prominent government Chinamen. Great sums of foreign money available for trade concessions or for enterprises, railways, and other ventures, were at the command of the doctor; but all his life he was a poor man, living on the gifts of moneyed Chinamen in other parts of the world; and when he died he had not enough estate to leave his wife anything more than his books and clothing. Sun Yat Sen always resented the bitter propaganda that assailed him, especially that which came from British quarters. He consistently denied that his ideals were Soviet-tinged, and he repeatedly said, "With British support I will be able to bring stable government to my country, wracked for centuries by civil war."

Sun Yat Sen, obnoxious as he was to a section of the British, never failed to get protection from the British Imperial Government. Many a time he would have fallen into the hands of enemies but for this assistance. He was hated by

SUN YAT SEN'S HOUSE, SHANGHAI

ALONG THE WATERFRONT, SHANGHAI

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"government," or "official," China, and attempts were several times made on his life by Chinese officials who had been baulked in accepting bribes from foreign sources, seeking trade advantages. Some few years back, when civil war broke out in Canton, where the doctor was then a leader in the Government, he would certainly have been captured by an aggressive Chinese general had not a British gunboat been placed at his service and he and his family carried in safety to Shanghai, where the French Government offered him a residence and police protection in the suburb just written about. Now that the doctor is dead it will be found, and admitted, that not only was he one of the greatest Chinamen, but that he was one of his country's most honest leaders.

The Wangpoo, a tributary of the famous Yangtze-Kiang, or Yellow River, is well dredged. One of the best modern improved waterways of the whole world, it is also the busiest. The river traffic equals that on the Bund, and day and night it flows on as unceasingly as the stream itself. The portion of the Bund by which it runs is very attractive and is daintily

planned with gardens and walks. A central feature is the imposing statue of a noble Britisher, Sir Robert Hart, who, as head of the Chinese Customs administration for many years, did much for the trade progress of China and greatly helped the Chinese towards a better knowledge of modern conditions and Western civilisation.

The stream here is crowded with steamers, large and small, tooting motor-launches, innumerable tugs and ferries, and thousands of gaily painted sampans, or row-boats. The shrieking of whistles and sirens, the rattle of crane chains, and the calls of the coolies, become at times deafening. The scene is impressively busy. Lower down the river—here not unlike the Brisbane River of Queensland in its scenery and conformation—there are many fine docks filled with ocean liners, the elegant steamers of some of the greatest shipping companies of the world. There are huge freighters, among which the flags of every nation can be counted. Along the banks are great industries, including cold storage buildings. In one section, known as the Japanese quarter, are immense flour, cotton, and woollen mills, all Japanese enterprises. The Japanese have done much in the extension of

trade and prosperity in China. There never was a greater fallacy than that which proclaims the enmity of the Chinese to the Japanese. A hundred and one factors go to show that Japanese influence is extending in China, and that it is for her good commercially, and that the Chinese are appreciating and encouraging it.

Up the higher reaches of the river—that is, beyond the Bund—are long lines of double-decked, sometimes three-decked, river steamers, which ply hundreds of miles up the Yangtze-Kiang to Hangchow and Nankin and other Chinese cities, carrying thousands of passengers and thousands of tons of cargo of the most varied nature. The Yangtze-Kiang in its upper reaches is very beautiful, and in the wet season becomes an inland sea. In extreme floods thousands of Chinese are drowned, yet they persist in settling in the low but immensely fertile areas, where, when the flood-waters come down with sudden rush, the unfortunate people seldom have time to get away. The yellow waters of the Yangtze-Kiang spread out to sea for hundreds of miles. Approaching the river, and for hundreds of miles to its highest reaches, fleets of junks are to be seen, some of huge size. Looking from the Bund along the

river, the scene is made picturesque by the junks. Chinese helmsmen are not very careful, and collisions between junks and other craft are quite common. Off the French "concession" there is a small settlement of Chinese who live entirely on the water, in such frail row-boats that it is not surprising the waves of steamers frequently cause disaster by swamping them, and children are often drowned.

British men-of-war and ships of other navies lie off the Bund and add to the interesting scene, as well as impressing the fact of the power and influence of foreign nations in China.

A Chinese city surrounds the "concession," which a few years back was isolated by a concrete wall which is now either demolished or crumbling to decay.

Shanghai is the centre of an enormous trade. From all over the world come supplies to be distributed to the far and mysterious west, to Siberia, and to the north of India. From all this great extent of Asia come in return products which are sent out to the world.

Whatever justice may demand in curtailment

of the power and influence of other nations in China, there is no denying the fact that foreign enterprise has done much to advance the trade and prosperity of China. The presence of foreigners in China keeps the country from drifting into a complete state of chaos, with 400 millions of people in a constant state of civil war. That certainly would be the fate of China if left alone, and it would create a serious menace to the peace of the whole world.

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